

Calling All GIRLS

Careless Thoughtless

Largest Circulation
Magazine For Girls

February 1943

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ICC

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PILOTS

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FASHIONS

Gadgets
Good

Looks

Etiquette
THINGS TO DO

HAUNTED
APARTMENT

by MARGARET SUTTON

Author of

JUDY BOLTON
MYSTERY STORIES



1943 A. D.

A FRESH YEAR on our calendars, our "date" spaces unfilled, our resolutions written in new and shining letters. What will it bring?

1943 may bring great changes. Victory and peace, perhaps, please God. And if so, it will bring the obligation, to all of us, to face seriously, tolerantly, and with determination the problems of establishing and maintaining lasting peace. If the war continues through 1943, then we must, of course, undertake our patriotic duties and our democratic privileges with still more zeal and enthusiasm than we showed in 1942.

Whatever is to be written on those clear pages after January One . . . we must look toward the future unafraid, confident that we can take it in our stride. So here we go, marching into the next twelve months—chins up, eyes front!

Margaret E. Jessup . Publisher.

THE COVER GIRL

ROSE MAY ROBSON claims that title double. Not only does her smiling face appear on the front of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** and other national magazines, but she's been chosen as one of the fifteen beautiful models to appear with Rita Hayworth in her

new picture, "The Cover Girl." Rose May is the youngest in the group—just fifteen. She said she had decided not to have a long evening dress until she was sixteen, because she wanted to "save that thrill." The "Pink Lady" party frock by Betty Lane changed her mind—it was so utterly yum-m that she decided she couldn't wait!

Rose May comes of a famous theatrical family and aspires to be a great dramatic actress, but even while she collects a dramatic library—and studies every volume—she takes time out to . . . er-bug, even as you . . . you and you. She . . . posing, too.

. . . net and sequin . . . aments look "but . . . ous," and they . . . easy to make and . . . on Grip Tuth

. . . shade of Dura- . . . nail polish and . . . netics "Artist Red" . . . Lipstick are the perfect finishing touches to any Pink Lady.

CALLING ALL GIRLS

is published monthly by
THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS
Division of The Parents' Institute, Inc.
Publication Office

4600 Diversey Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Executive & Editorial Office

52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Subscriptions: \$1.00 a year. In Canada and foreign countries \$1.20. Payment for Canadian subscriptions accepted in Canadian funds. Entered as second class matter Jan. 27, 1942, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second class mail at Toronto, Canada. Title registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1942 by The Parents' Institute, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. 3, No. 2, February, 1943.

PRISONER OF THE JAPS

THE TRUE STORY OF FRANCES LONG,
DAUGHTER OF AN AMERICAN DIPLOMAT
IN SHANGHAI, WHO SPENT FIVE MONTHS
IN A JAPANESE INTERNMENT CAMP

IN MANILA—DECEMBER 8TH (DECEMBER 7TH,
EAST OF THE DATE LINE)...

I WONDER WHERE
EVERYONE IS. GUESS
I'LL GO FOR A WALK.



THESE PRACTICE
MANEUVERS SEEM
AWFULLY REAL.

HEY!
LOOK OUT!



JUST LIKE A DAME! TAKING A
STROLL IN AN AIR RAID! THIS IS WAR,
LADY! HERE'S A HUNK OF SHRAPNEL
TO REMEMBER IT BY!

WAR?







THE INTERNEES DID A GOOD JOB! BECAUSE EACH CONTRIBUTED A SHARE OF WORK AND TALENT THEY WERE ABLE TO HAVE A NEWSPAPER, A HOSPITAL, TAILOR SHOP, LAUNDRY, SHOE STORE, REGULAR ENTERTAINMENT, AND SPORTS.



Blizzard Bound

City-bred Laurel stepped off the train into adventure, but she had to fight against time, darkness, and sleet

By DOROTHY MAYWOOD BIRD
Author of Stories for Girls and Boys

NEW YEAR'S DAY! The South Shore train jolted to a stop in front of the Granite Harbor station. Laurel Ashworth set her cute mink hat at exactly the right angle atop her honey-blonde head and snatched up her coat.

"I'll hate it," she told herself fiercely as she followed the Pullman porter down the aisle. "Six whole months in this dead place!"

At the door an icy blast of Lake Superior air slapped her beige suit skirt around her knees. "I'll hate it," she said to herself again tripping on the snowy step and plunging into the brakeman's arms. "Every minute I'll be hating it!"

Why had the firm suddenly sent her father on that horrid six months' South American trip? Why had he insisted on her mother's going along too? And above all, why had they decided to ship their only daughter way up into northern Michigan to stay with the Hiltons?

"It's an elegant plan," her mother had urged brightly. "I've always wanted you to know Ted and Jep Hilton. I haven't seen them for years, not since their mother died. But both Professor Hilton and Miss Cobb, the housekeeper, have written so many times begging us to let you visit them. They're marvelous people. You couldn't possibly be in better hands."



A strange boy grabbed her luggage and a girl with wild black hair pounced on her

Angrily Laurel struggled out of the brakeman's arms. Never in her life had she seen so much snow! Snow dumped in mountains on the station platform. Snow making the telephone wires into cottony ropes. Snow dragging down the evergreens.

And then, all at once, a big awkward boy with laughing gray eyes and a plaid mackinaw paid the porter and grabbed her luggage. And a girl with wild black hair and a scarlet ski suit and beanie rushed up and hugged her.

"You're Laurel," the girl burst out, "and I'm Jep Hilton! And this," pulling the big boy over by a sleeve, "is Ted!"

Laurel barely smiled. Back in Detroit, strangers, even if they were the children of your mother's best friend, didn't pounce on you and knock off your hat. "How do you do?" she said politely, putting up a mocha glove to straighten hers.

Ted ripped open the door of the ancient family car, shoved some birch logs over into one

corner. "I guess there'll be room for you," he decided, helping Laurel in.

He and Jep jumped into the front seat, raced the motor, and the car bounced forward smashing Laurel's hat against the ceiling. Before she had time to get it back in shape, she was tumbled out in front of a huge stone house in front of the Mining College, and a straight old lady with a silvery pompadour was holding the door open for her.

"Miss Cobb," Jep said squeezing Laurel's arm so tightly that it hurt, "this is Laurel Ashworth."

Upstairs Laurel had scarcely boxed the precious hat, bathed, and slipped into her powder-blue housecoat before Jep, still in the red beanie, burst in and plumped herself down on the feather bed. "The minute you're rested," she announced gaily, "we're going to start."

Laurel's heart went down into her slippers. "Where?" she asked stonily. Couldn't Jep see

that all she wanted while she was in Granite Harbor was to be let alone?

"Up the lake shore," Jep's black eyes danced, "for New Year's supper. Miss Cobb's going to make Cornish pasties and cocoa, and there'll be a roaring fire and..."

"You mean," Laurel gasped, "you go on picnics here in January?"

Jep giggled. "Sometimes. But this'll be inside our camp at Island Point. It's scrumptious out there, especially in winter. There's a natural ski jump and snowshoe trails and..."

Miss Cobb rustled in with a cream-colored bundle. "I've brought you a suit of Jep's woolen underwear," she explained. "You'll have a much better time if you're warm."

Laurel's blue eyes rested with horror on the long legs. "I've never worn anything," she said weakly, "but slips and panties."

"But it's different up here." Jep looked serious. "If you don't bundle up, you die. The camp'll be like an ice house before we get the fire started. You'll have to wear long legs

if you don't want your lips to turn purple. And you're going to have my ski suit. Ted let me borrow his old one."

Laurel shuddered faintly. Red wasn't her color at all. She looked much better in pastels. And long legs! But she couldn't stay back here alone. There was nothing for it but to go along. And wear what they expected her to wear, even if it did make her look like a stuffed bird.

The thermometer outside the Hilton's big log camp at Island Point stood at eighteen degrees below zero when they arrived. While Ted kindled a roaring fire in the kitchen range, Miss Cobb tied a big apron over her coat and started chopping meat, potatoes, and onions.

"Mmm," Jep sniffed. "I adore everything about pasties—smell, and crust, and yummy insides. I'm ravenous. I can't wait!"

"It's going to be two hours yet," Miss Cobb warned. "I've never been able to make them in less than an hour, and it always takes another hour to bake them. You'd better think up something to do meanwhile."

"I know," Jep was inspired, "we'll take Laurel snowshoeing down the Silver Birch Trail."

"There she is again," Laurel thought irritably, "insisting on entertaining when all that I want is to be let alone." Already Ted was bringing out the snowshoes and a pair of Indian moccasins.

"Better put on the carpet-beaters outside," he told Laurel. "You'll never get through the door with them on."

He was quiet as he fastened Laurel's moccasins and helped her feet into the snowshoe ties. But Jep kept up a rat-tat of conversation. "The reason we use pillow ticking to tie them on," she explained, expertly slipping into hers, "is because that doesn't stretch when it gets wet the way leather straps do."

Impatient, Laurel clattered forward, tripped over her own snowshoes.

"Easy," Ted cautioned, as he marched ahead, "like this—long, slow strides. You'll soon get the hang."

It wasn't so bad, Laurel admitted, after the first half mile. There was something breathless about skimming along over fluffy snow ten feet above the ground. Like walking on stilts. Ted and Jep were too slow. "I'll race you," she heard herself saying. "Last one to get to that big pine ahead is a silly fish!" What was the matter with her? Back in Detroit she never talked like that.

She started off at a flying stride. But her first step was her last. The tip of her front snowshoe dug into the soft snow. She pitched face down in the white powder. The more she floundered, the deeper she sank. Behind her Ted roared with laughter before he gripped her under the arms, yanked her out, and set her up straight. Jep took her own scarf and wiped the snow off Laurel's face, brushed it out of her hair.

"Didn't I tell you to take it easy?" Ted reminded her.

Laurel felt hot color leap into her face. How she must have looked with her head buried in the snow and her feet way-



ing in air, just like an ostrich!

The Silver Birch Trail led along an icy, rock-walled ravine pink in the sunset. Laurel took deep, delicious breaths. She had to admit that up here even breathing was fun. She even found herself giggling at Ted and Jep's outlandish remarks.

And then, without warning, wind sprang up, a gray cloud swept across the sun, snow-stars covered their clothes. "A blizzard!" Ted exclaimed. "We'd better get back quick!"

Blinding sleet stung their cheeks. Jep tied her scarf over Laurel's face. "It's a good one to see and breathe through," she tossed off, "and it keeps out the sleet." Now they were bent almost double, bracing their bodies against the wind.

Suddenly Jep stopped. "Ted," she said in a queer voice, "we're off the trail. I never saw that Norway pine over there before in my life."

Ted stiffened. "Wait here," he barked at Laurel. "Jep, you circle off to the left and see what you can find. Don't get out of calling distance. I'll go up on that rock and take our bearings."

Panic struck Laurel. Night was coming. Already it was hard to see between the trees. With this blizzard . . . And then a few yards off she heard Jep's scream and followed it. Ted hurried down from his perch. Together they stared at poor Jep huddled in the gulch below.

"Get back!" Jep shrieked. "There's ice under the snow. That's why I went over. I've done—something—to my ankle!"

In a minute Ted was down beside her, unfastening her snowshoes, feeling of the injured ankle. "Not broken," he panted, "just a very bad sprain. Better come along, Laurel. She's going to need you. Keep

way to the right. Hang onto those tree branches."

Laurel could scarcely believe her eyes. Jep, a few minutes before so gay and competent, all shriveled and white with pain.

Ted stood up. His voice was tense. "I know where we are, but I've got to get back to camp right away. Dad'll be there by now and we can bring along some other men and a stretcher. But the going'll be tough. I'm afraid at best it'll be a couple of hours. You'll have to

tramp in the first place. Jep through her own carelessness had slipped into the gulch and gotten them all into such a fix.

Laurel gave a hard look at the girl huddled at her feet, gritting her teeth to keep from crying. Then she melted. "How do you build a fire?" she asked. "I never made one before." She put Jep's snowshoes together and rolled her over on them. Then she pulled off her scarf and wrapped Jep's feet in the soft wool.

"Birch bark," Jep cried between spasms of pain, "and balsam on top of that, and then heavier stuff. There's lots of brush around here. See that dead tree . . ." Her voice trailed off.

If it hadn't been for the sleet and wind and darkness it would have been easy to follow directions. But it took at least ten minutes to assemble the materials. Laurel's first match went out the instant she struck it.

"Guard it with your hand," Jep cautioned. "This wind's terrific."

Even guarding the second match didn't save it. It flickered an instant, then went out. "This one's got to go," Laurel muttered between set teeth. "It's the last!" The birch bark caught fire, but the flame died to a spark on the snowy

balsam.

"Quick!" Jep cried. "Blow on it!"

Laurel blew till her cheeks fairly burst. The spark grew, flamed, crackled through the brush. Laurel rushed up fresh supplies of wood, pulled Jep's snowshoe bed around so that her back would be warmed.

"There," she said with forced cheerfulness. "It'll be just a little while now." But when she looked at the black sky above the tossing pines, she shuddered.

Jep was certainly gritty!

WINTER ROAD

By ESTHER C. GREEN
Thirteen Years Old

Oh, I must walk this road but once again,
Through a clinging shawl of mist which is not rain
But decks each sodden thing with ropes of gems.
I must take this road where once there glowed
The glory of the summer blooms on swaying stems,
Before the roadside slopes were mowed.

The short-lived garments of the maple rot
At its feet, and the aster's splendor is forgot.
It is a sad road which curves
Across the dull brown, stubbled fields—
This snaking country road which swerves
The land swept bare of all its yields.

And it is a lonely road which follows by
The cool valley where one could lie
And hear the birds which now are fled.
Winter apples fall with leaden thud;
The trees rear stark, and stern, and dead,
And the grass is sunk in desolate mud.

Oh, the world is tired, and tear, and dried,
And the year is old on every side!

be the nurse, Laurel."

Laurel thought she was going to faint.

"No," Jep insisted, "I'll be all right. Take Laurel back with you Teddy. She isn't used . . ."

Ted thrust a little metal cylinder into Laurel's hand. "Matches," he said hurriedly. "Sorry, only three left. Get a good fire going. You two have got to keep warm."

Laurel felt a mad desire to scramble up the rocks after him. After all, this wasn't her fault. It was Jep's. Jep had suggested the old snowshoe

Laurel knelt in the snow beside her friend, trying to shield her from the wind's fierceness. It was the first time she had ever tried to protect anything. If she could only keep Jap warm—keep her warm till Ted got back with help!

Suddenly the wind shifted, pouring a cascade of loose snow down on the fire. It hissed, died in a cloud of steam. Not a single spark remained.

Jep's voice sounded far away. "Laurel, forget me. You'll have to keep moving if you want to save yourself. Stand up and slap your arms and stamp your feet. It's the only—way—to keep—from freezing. I'm getting—sleepy."

Ice gripped Laurel's heart. Mad terror. Jep getting sleepy! She'd read about that. People getting sleepy before they froze to death. Still kneeling, with her body between Jep and the full force of the wind, she shook Jep, rubbed her face, moved her arms, her legs. Fighting, fighting against time and the biting cold. Somehow she'd keep Jep alive!

Jep! Laurel remembered how Jep had hugged her at the station that very afternoon, how Jep had insisted on Laurel's wearing her pet ski suit, how she'd wrapped her own scarf around Laurel's face when the blizzard struck, so the sleet wouldn't hurt her face. And now—Jep was getting sleepy!

Frantically Laurel rubbed. That was it! Keep rubbing, keep rubbing! Laurel's back ached, her arms ached, perspiration poured out on her forehead, turned to ice where it fell. She felt as if a band were slowly tightening around her head. But she kept on in that inferno of darkness, and howling wind, and cutting sleet.

The material of her ski suit was wet and frozen from kneeling in the snow. Laurel felt that her arms would drop off,



Terror gripped Laurel as she knelt between Jap and the full force of the wind, fighting to keep her friend alive.

yet she kept moving as though mechanical springs were controlling her.

And all the while, in the back of her mind, she kept remembering Jep's eager welcome, her enthusiastic plans for Laurel's visit. Laurel's face was raw and sometimes she thought this was all a nightmare and she would soon wake up in her own bed back in Detroit. Then the memory of her own stiff acceptance of Jep's hospitality stung her on to greater effort.

Suddenly through the trees a star appeared. Funny on a black night like this to see a star. "Jep," she heard herself saying through stiff lips, "a star!"

Slowly the star grew, bobbing through the trees. "Jep!" Laurel whispered, "It isn't a star, it's a flashlight! Jep, dear, they're coming!"

The funny old doctor from Granite Harbor turned from his bandaged patient stretched out on the davenport close to the hearth fire in the Hilton camp. "In another two weeks, Jep will be getting around on crutches," he told Laurel. "Another two weeks, she'll be doing cart wheels. Thanks to you, she's got off with very little more than a torn ligament and a

slight touch of frostbite."

Laurel tucked the crocheted afghan around Jep's shoulders. Ted jabbed the backlog with a poker and sent up a cloud of sparks. Miss Cobb hurried in from the kitchen with a tray of warm, fragrant objects done up in napkins. Professor Hilton passed them around.

"Pasties, Laurel!" Jep's eyes were dancing again. "Undo yours and gobble it."

Laurel obeyed. She bit into it as Jep watched her eagerly, waiting to see Laurel's reaction before she touched her own pasty. She answered the question in Jep's eyes with a smothered "mm-mm!" Never in her life had she tasted anything so crunchily satisfying.

"We have them every Saturday night and on all holidays," Jep mumbled taking unladylike bites.

Laurel calculated rapidly. Exactly how many Saturday nights and holidays would there be in six months? Could she possibly see all she wanted to see of Jep Hilton and eat all the pasties she wanted to eat in only six months? She couldn't be sure. Up here time had a way of simply racing. Why, it seemed that her train had just pulled in and already nine hours of her visit were gone!

The Yorktown Younger Set...

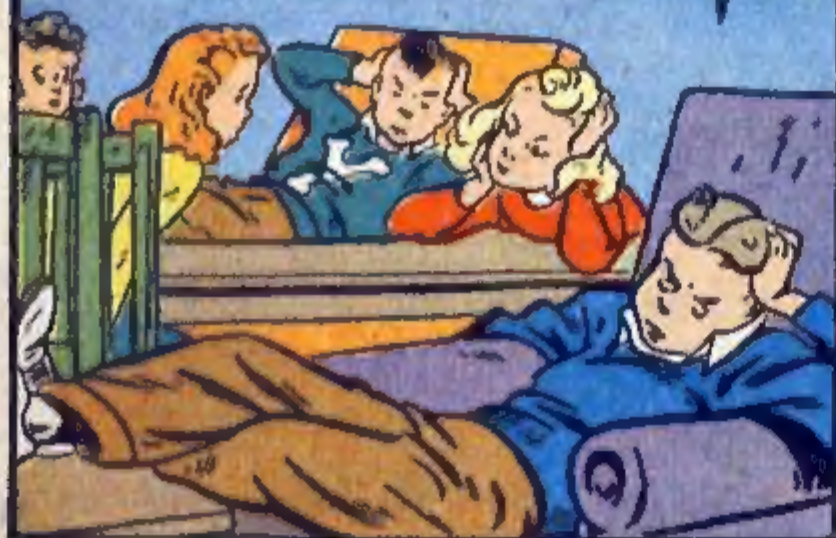
VICTORY CLUB

S H H H H !



THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG WITH US.

SOMETHING
CONTAGIOUS?



NO, SERIOUSLY, WE OUGHT
TO GET ORGANIZED AND
UNDERTAKE SOME
GOOD WORKS.

GOOD WORKS!
WHAT DO YOU
CALL THE NURSERY
SCHOOL?



AND THE PARTY TO
WELCOME WAR WORKERS'
KIDS?

HOW ABOUT
THE SALVAGE
SORTIE?

WE
OUGHT
TO BE
DECORATED.



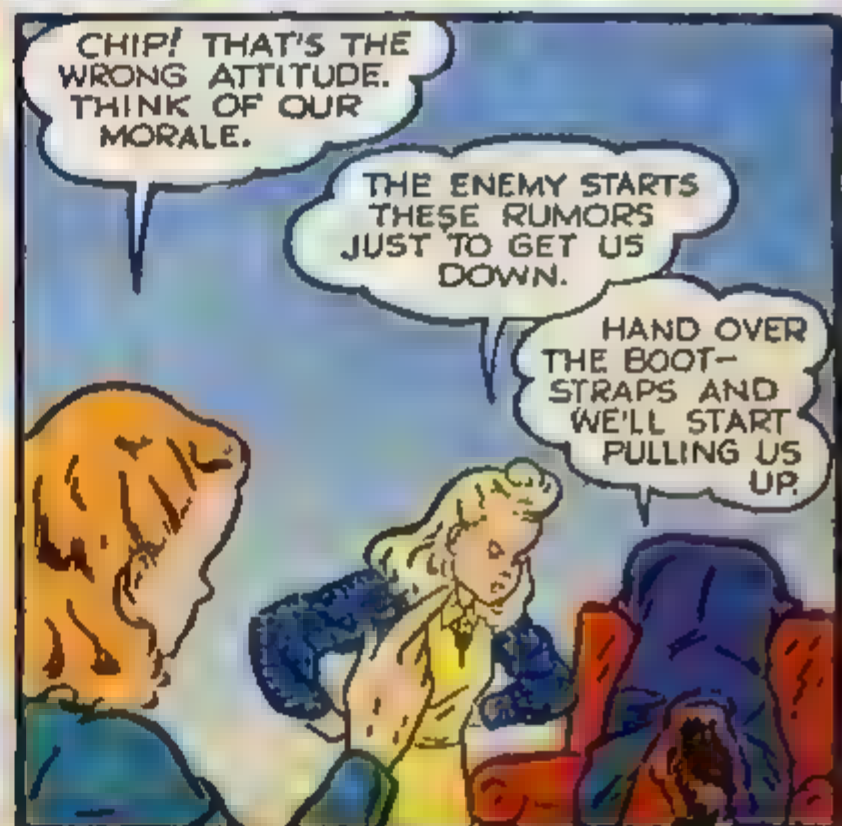
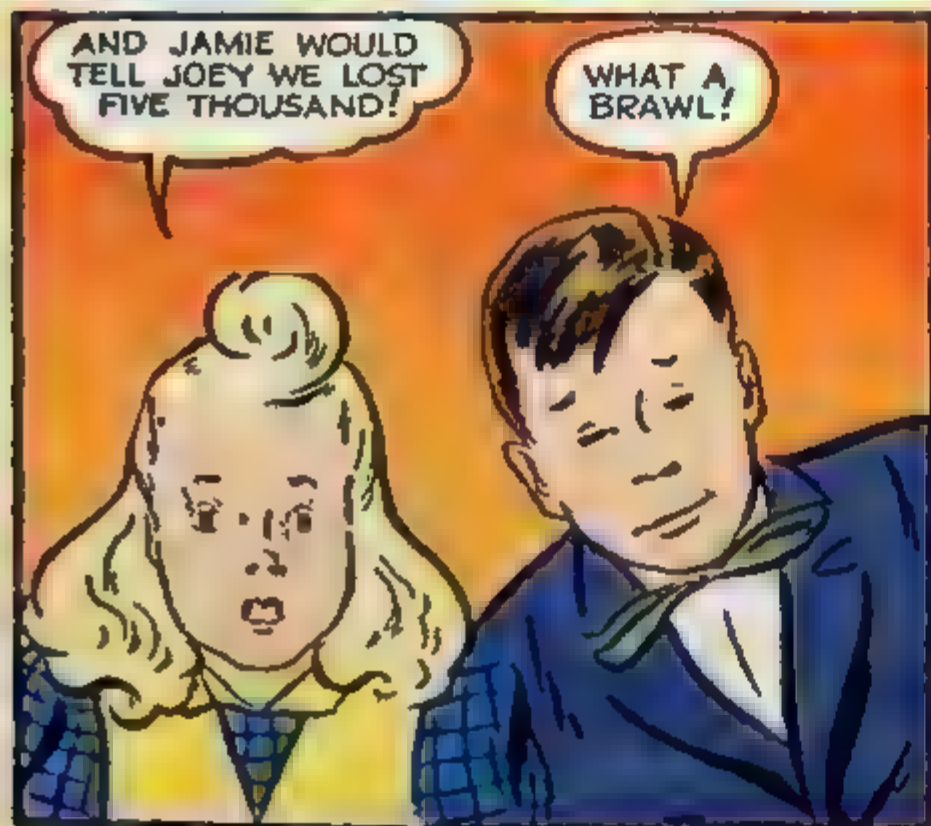
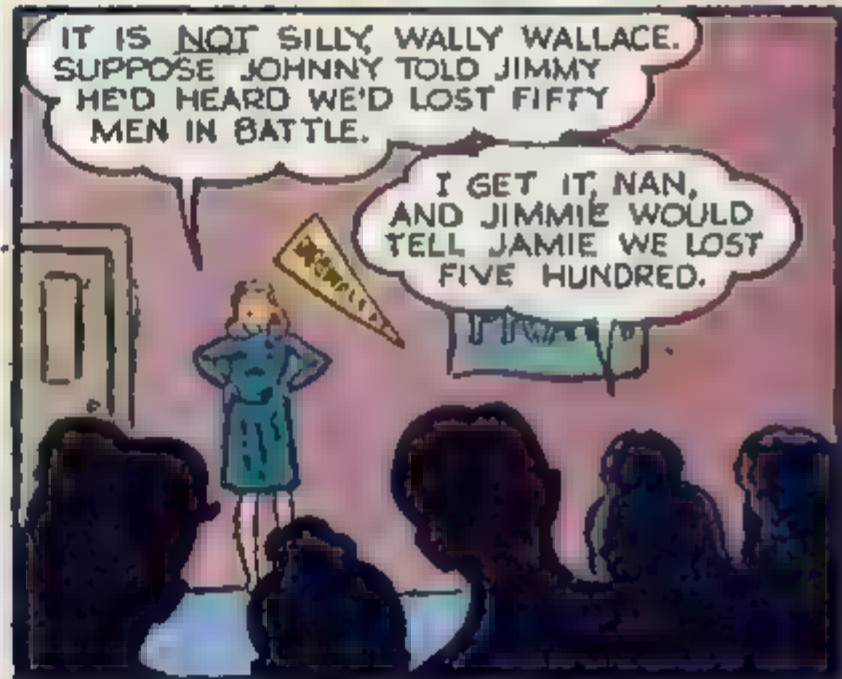
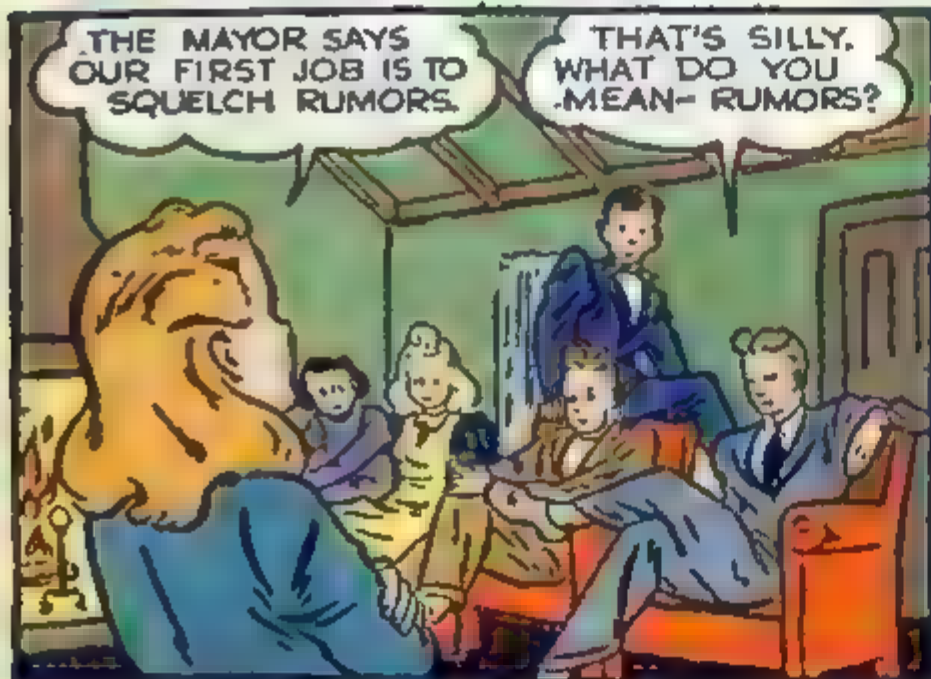
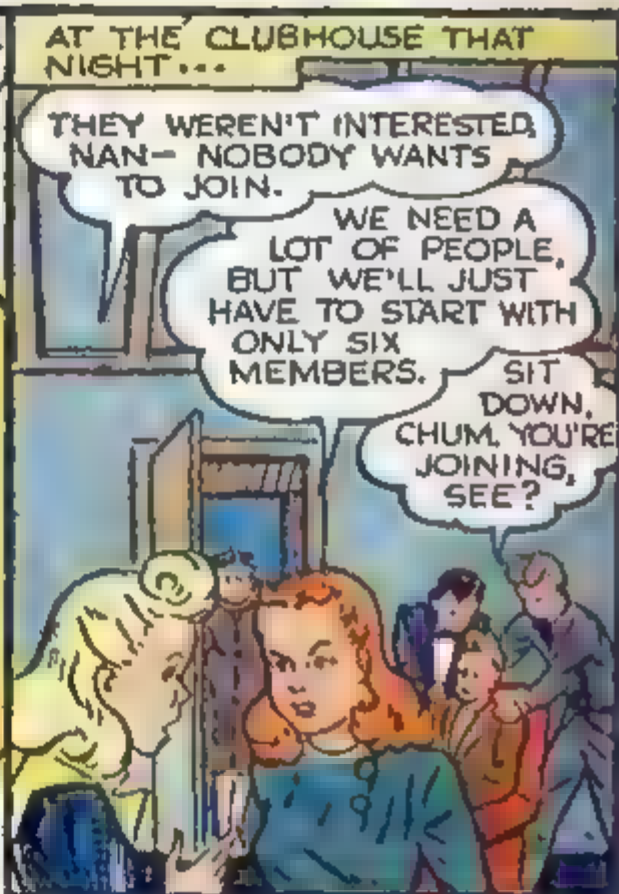
BUT THINK HOW
MUCH MORE WE COULD
DO IF WE FORMED A
CLUB AND...

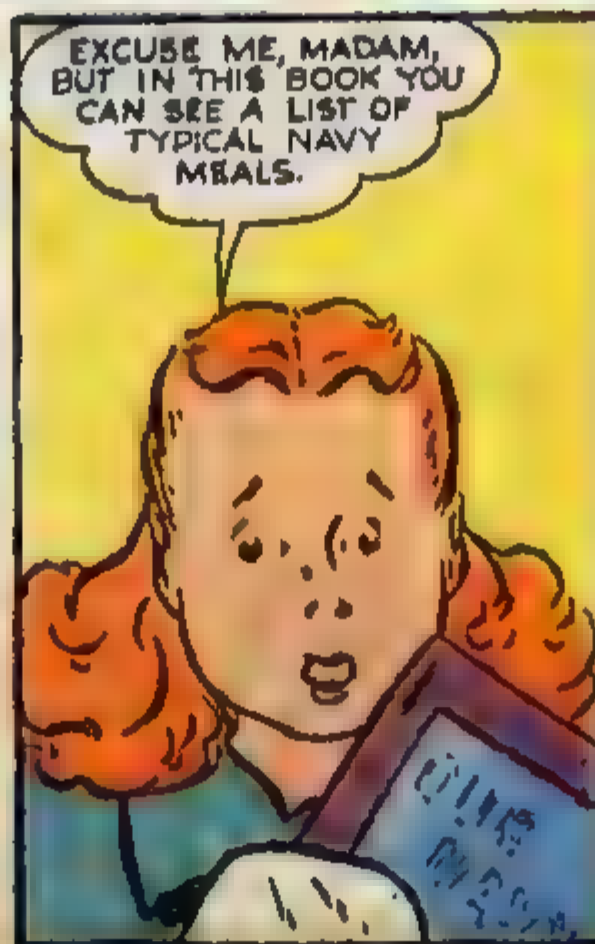
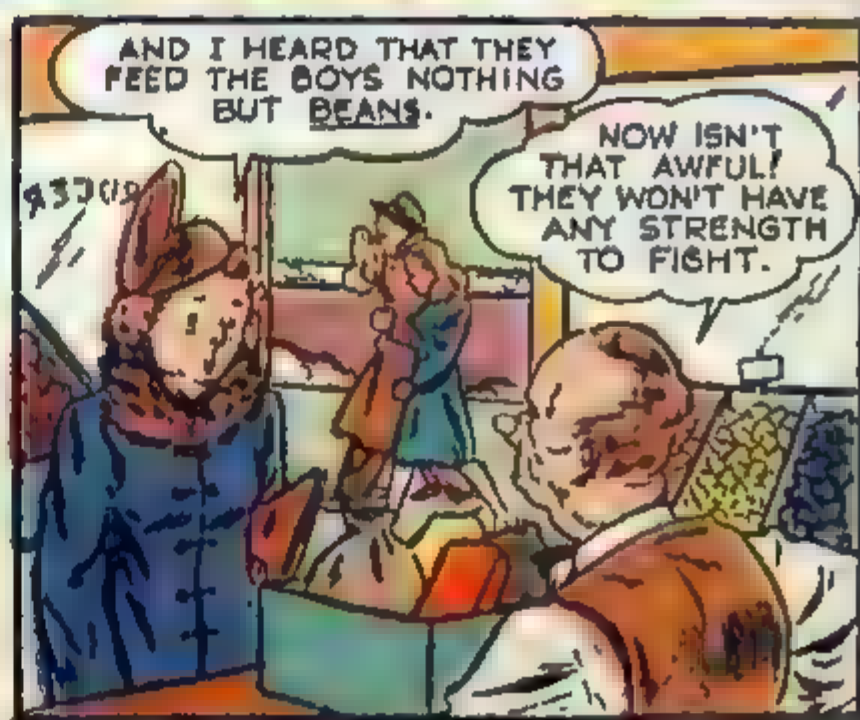
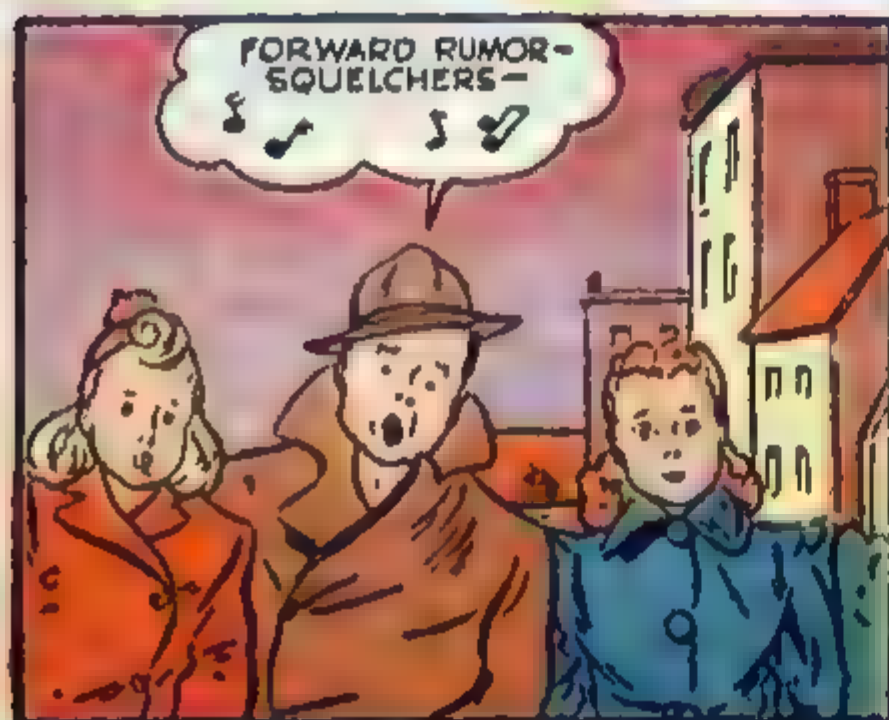
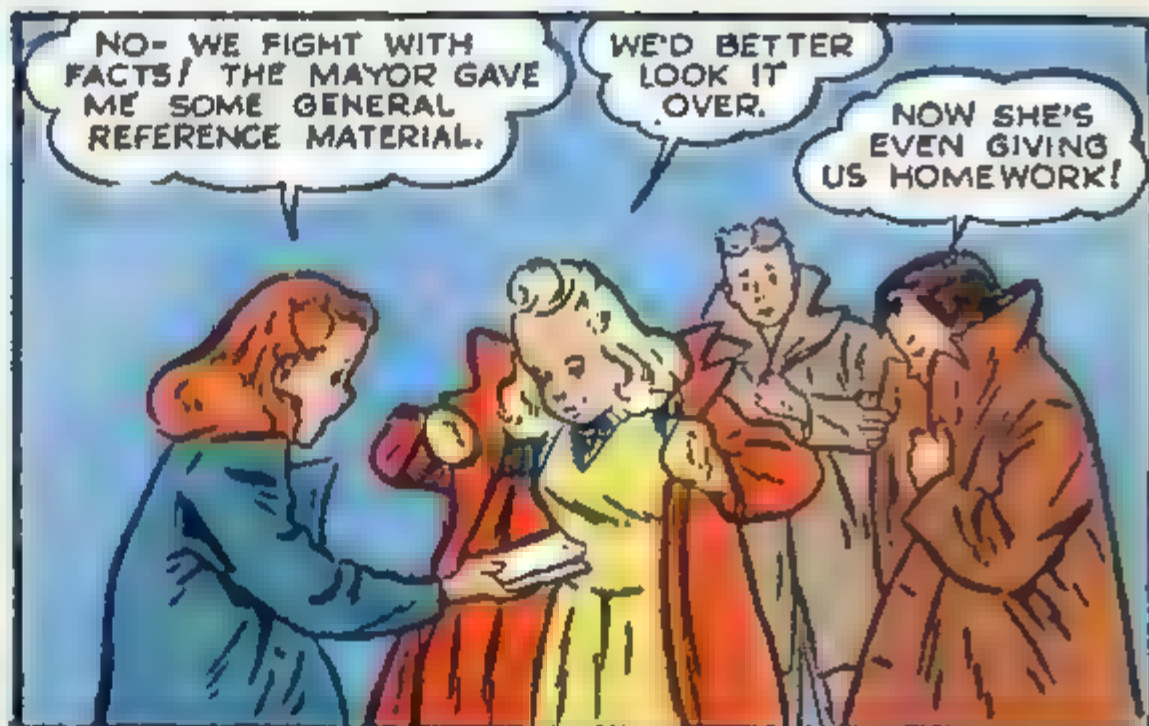
AND WASTED
A LOT OF TIME
WITH MEETINGS
AND TALK!

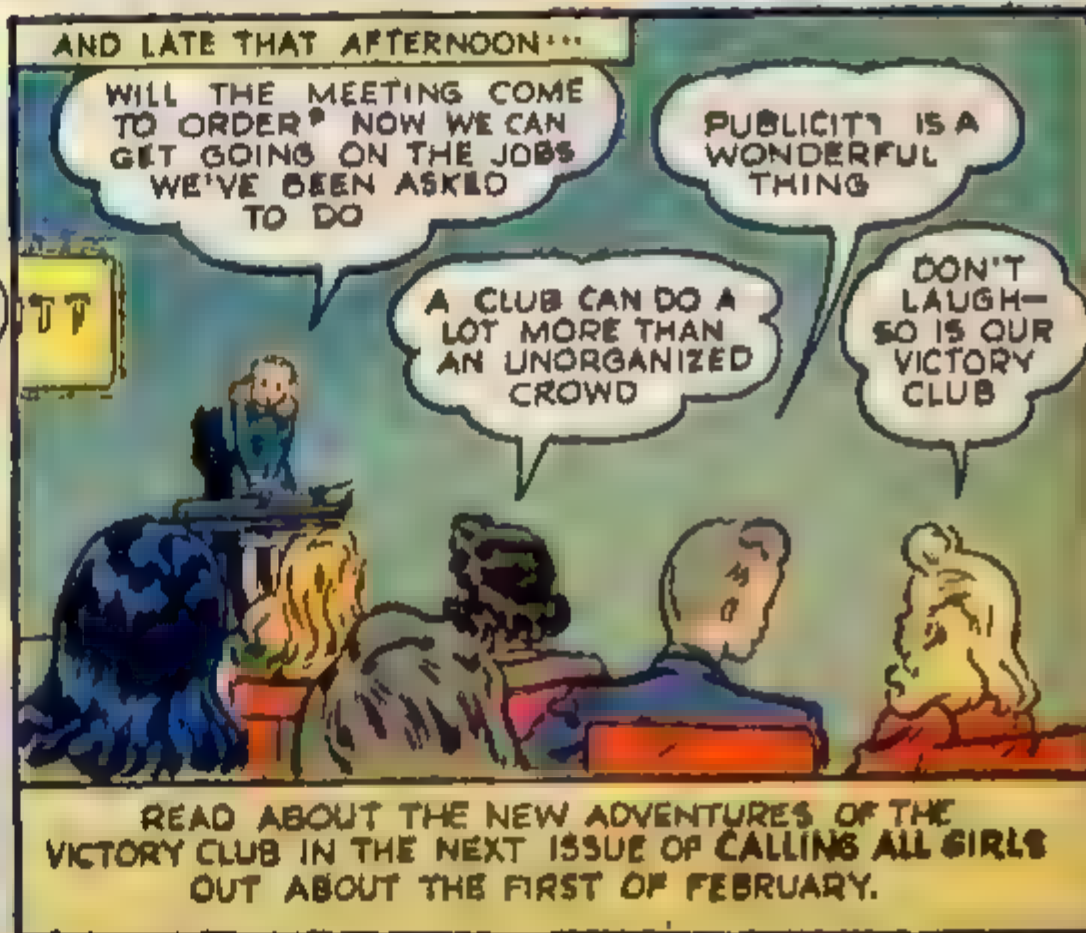
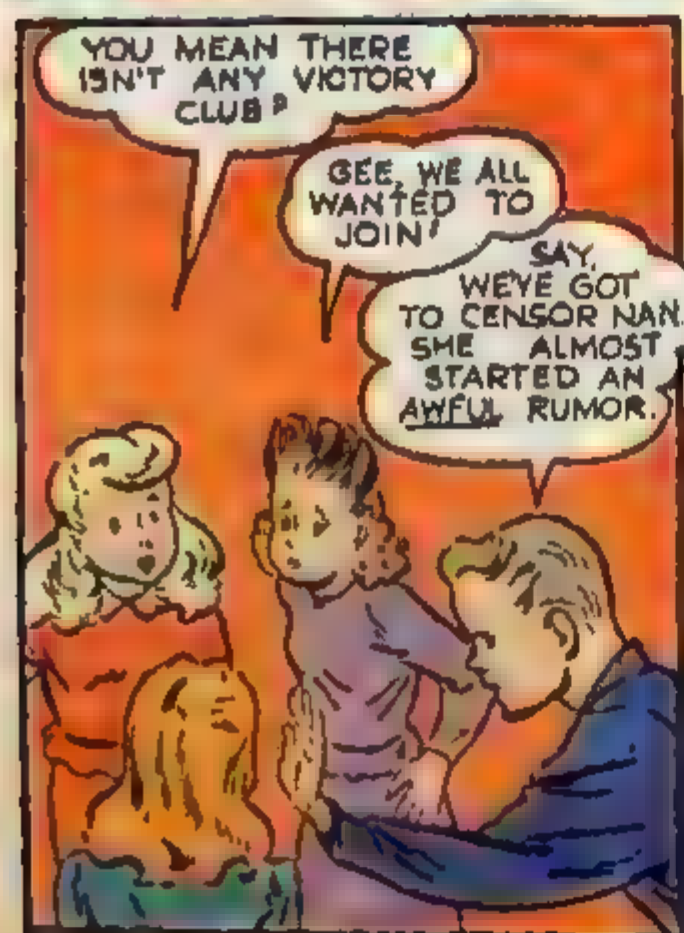
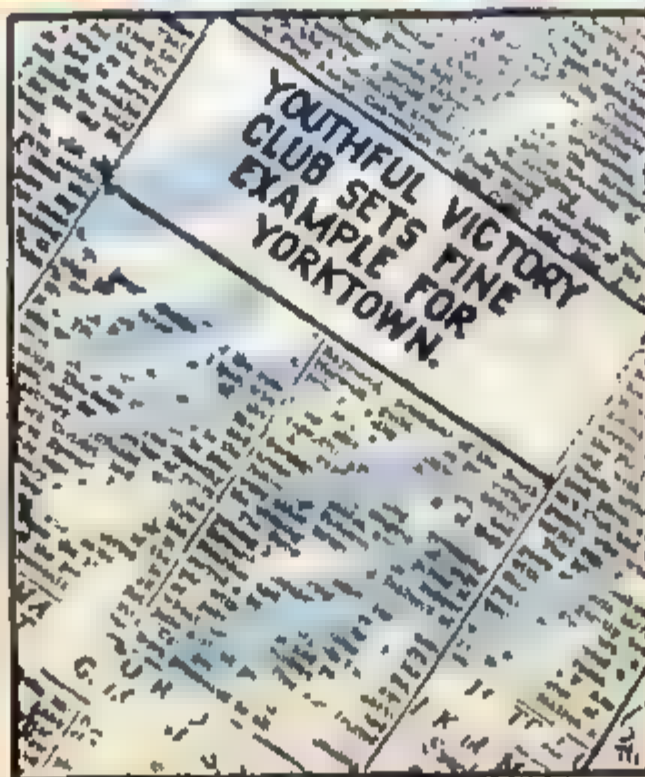
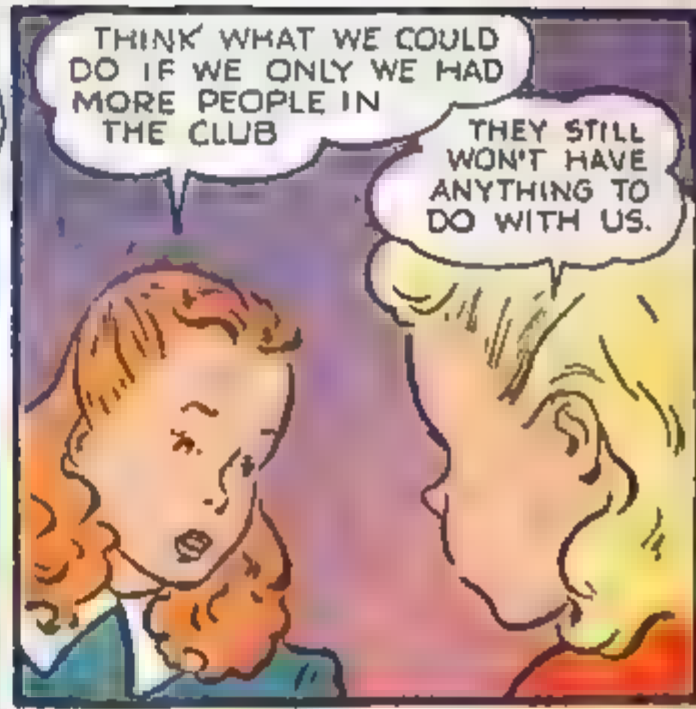
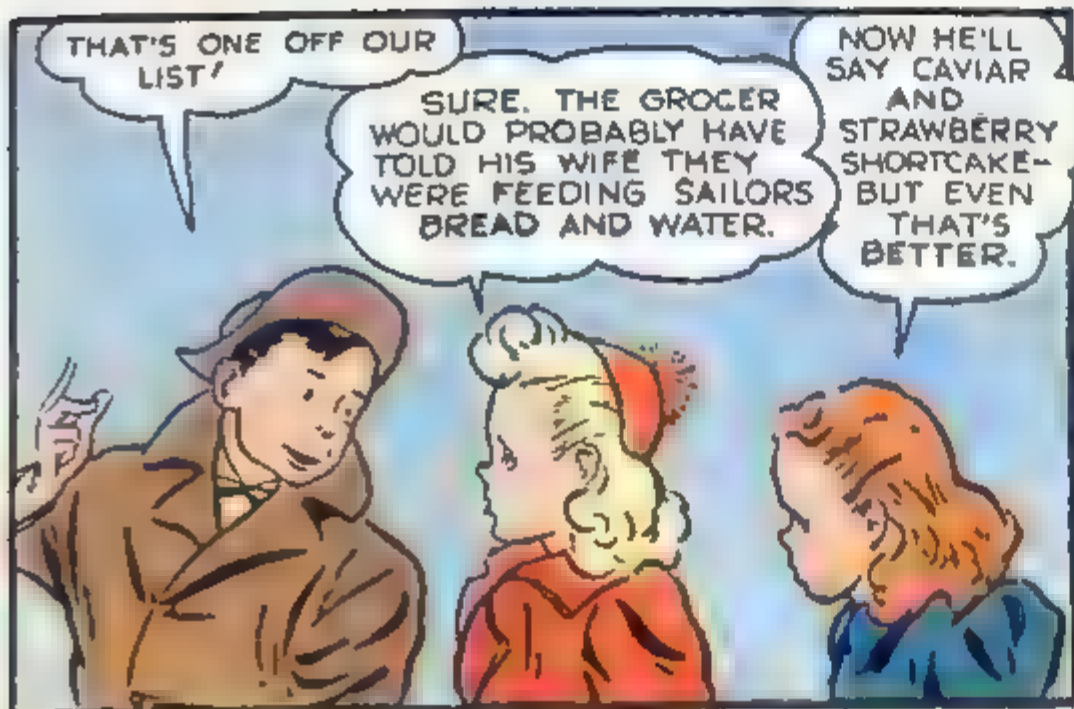


TALK-
SEE YOU
LATER.











Salute your Colors

Decide for yourself whether you need toning down or toning up

WHAT does the sun do to you? Do you burn blister, and peel? Or do you tan nicely to a lovely furniture color as time goes on?

Yes, I know summer has been over for some time, and you have faded out to your natural winter complexion. But—the reaction of your skin pigmentation to the hot rays of last summer's sun is your key to the best colors for you.

How come? It's like this: If you are like Miss Copper-tint, the bronzed beauty all others try to imitate, you definitely have a creamy complexion after the summer tan has worn off, for the yellow pigment in your skin is what does the tanning, and gives you that lovely toasty color.

However, if you keep on getting redder and redder—and more uncomfortable—the longer you take your sun baths,

By **DEVAH WOILLARD**
Originator of
"The Personal Rainbow Chart"

you belong to the pink-and-white sorority. A very nice group, too, for it consists of all the fair-skinned girls (though not necessarily blondes). Many dark-haired girls have porcelain complexions, too. These pink-and-white gals lack the protective yellow pigment of their bronze sisters, and should not overexpose themselves to blistering sun-rays.

Remember when you used to dabble around with water color in your sketch class? You thought mixing flesh color was a matter of taking a little dash of pink, and a little blob of yellow, and pretty soon you had a reasonable likeness of skin. It's the same with your own pigmentation. If your skin has more yellow than pink, you

have a rich, glowing creamy complexion. If you have less yellow, and more pink, there you are in the Dresden china class. We all need a certain amount of yellow, of course, for the sake of health. Too much pink in our skins would make us look too, too ruddy; too much yellow, well, consider the Chinese. It is becoming to the right people.

So to get the best results from the colors you wear, first of all, decide which side you belong to, the creamy or the pink-and-white. Incidentally, the beauty columns give you dozens of skin types to choose from to identify yourself: peaches-and-cream, olive, ivory, sallow, swarthy, and so on indefinitely, but honestly now, isn't it next to impossible to tell exactly where you belong?

The true test of how your skin reacts to the sun is ready



all you need to know, for fundamentally the two types are natural divisions. There are a few girls with such light creamy skins that they appear pink-and-white, but who do tan the slightest bit in the summer-time. They can pick at random the colors they like best; but these specimens are rather rare. The rest of us will do well to salute our own cherished colors by sticking to one of these rules:

1. The creamy girls should wear the "cool" colors that have very little yellow in them already, blue greens, neutral browns, grayed blues, bluish purples, reds with a bluish cast, and cool dusty pinks. Unless they are sun tanned at the moment, these girls should avoid yellow, orange, rust, and the yellowish greens, which merely emphasize the yellow in their skin. Their greens are aquamarine, blue green, cold, sharp pine greens, billiard-table green—if the rest of them is vivid—and darkest midnight green, a fine basic color for creamy skins.

2. The pink-and-white girls need colors that have yellow in them—warm yellow greens, chartreuse, mustardy greens, olive greens, beige, pinks, pinky purple, orangey reds, golden

browns, and dark-brownish greens. They should stay away from the too-cold bluish colors which have a tendency to drain away all one's natural color.

Between you and me, this is exactly the sort of information your mother pays for when she buys her clothes from the expensive shops, though she may not realize it. The trained designers and salespeople know that the wrong color will make her dissatisfied with a dress after a while, no matter how superb the cut and fit.

If she is one of the clever ones who sew for themselves, she will welcome your advice on the color angle (after you have given it a bit more study). Never again will you be saying, after she has just presented you with a new dress, "That's a lovely new dress, Mom, but honestly, I don't feel right in it. It fades me out."

By the same token you won't have any occasion to say, or think, "Why can't you be a glamour mother? That color makes you look like a fallen leaf."

It's fun to be on the beam

with your mother! Your eyes and hair have a great deal to do with the colors you should wear, of course, but the flesh tones are the most important thing. Decide which side you're on and stick to the right colors.

Blue-eyed babies have been dressed in blue since time immemorial. There seems to be a law that relatives should swamp the defenseless little things with blue dresses and blue sweaters and suits. This is what happens: Unless the blue is a very soft, light tint, or a rich dark shade, the child's eyes become too blue, not to say harsh and prominent. Flesh tones become bleak, and the little face looks cold and unsympathetic.

Just look over your best friends and see how much you could improve the colors they wear if given half a chance. Give your boy-friends (and your father and brothers) a friendly squint, too. Men are really more susceptible to color than they would ever let on!

We can't begin to cover all the interesting phases of "color" becomingness in this article, but next month we'll continue with even more detailed information on colors and coloring, and you'll find out how simple it can be to have your own "Personal Rainbow." Keep this article for easy reference.

HALF THE STEEL IN A TANK

That was the goal of the salvage captains, but they ran into international complications

By MARY MATTISON EUBANKS
Author of Stories for Girls and Boys

THE blackboards in room 211 were gray with chalk dust. And the room had that smell—what was it? Lyn Brodie smoothed the green skirt over her knees and carefully studied that smell. Dusty floors. Washed floors. The combination of dust and water—all schoolrooms have it. She twitched her gray-sweatered shoulders impatiently. When would the rest of the Salvage Committee get here?

And all the while she knew quite well it wasn't the stuffy smell or the waiting that made her so uncomfortable. It was the boy sitting beside her. Paul Julian lately of Ostend, Belgium. He sat easily, with a little smile in the corner of his mouth that was characteristic. But the words Lyn had planned to shoot at him as soon as she had the chance refused to come.

"Espana es el grande compaia del Europa," Paul read slowly from the lesson scrawled on the blackboard. "You know Spanish?"

"No," Lyn said shortly.

"Nor do I, but a few words. But I think that is bad Spanish,

and the next line I am sure is quite silly. It says something about Spain enjoying peace. It is not Hitler's wish that any country in Europe shall enjoy peace before Germany"

The guttural tone was harsh. Suddenly Lyn was so angry she forgot her diffidence with this foreign boy who had been so kindly treated in Adams Junior High and repaid it with sneers.

"You are very clever about languages, aren't you?"

Paul Julian raised his thin black eyebrows and smiled.

"I noticed you enjoyed German the other night."

That erased the smile. Black eyes stared at her from behind Paul's glasses.

"I was having dinner at Unger's with my uncle, a newspaperman," she told him,

watching those eyes grow bright and hard. "Someone left the door open to that little room at the back, and we noticed you there listening to the radio. It was German, wasn't it?"

"I don't know at what moment you spied me," he hesitated. "It was a European broadcast. You know German?"

Bob Hastings' rap on the desk interrupted them. "Where's everybody?" the school's Salvage Chief demanded.

"Basketball practice," Shorty O'Brien reminded him.

"Dramatic Club tryouts," Helen said.

Bob pounded on the desk. "We've got to get in more scrap. The War Production Board says rubber reclaimers and steel mills can't operate very long unless America digs up more scrap for raw material. That means us!" He fired another reproach at his salvage captains. "Roosevelt High turned in three times as much junk last week as we did."

"Never mind, we'll take 'em in basketball," Shorty joshed.

Bob's face was as serious as his voice. "Salvage is the most



important civilian job in this war. Half the steel in a tank can be scrap steel. Let's get it."

"Where?" Paul Julian inquired.

Bob frowned at the tone. "You bring in that type, Paul?"

Paul shrugged. "Ten or fifteen pounds of obsolete type."

"Every bit helps," Bob insisted. "There's zinc in that type."

Paul's smile was wry. "Maybe that will win the salvage game with Roosevelt High, but then, I know little about games. So perhaps I should withdraw from your committee."

"Okay," Bob snapped. "We only want people who are all out for winning this war."

"Against the Roosevelt school," Paul murmured.

Bob wouldn't give him another glance. Vigorously he directed, "George, you get the art class to letter twenty salvage posters, right away. Two pounds of fat make five anti-tank shells. Lots of housewives save fat and then forget to take it to the butcher shops. Jane, sign up thirty kids as a junior

the door, halted. Lyn's pulses began to pound. Gus Unger. It was his nephew who ran the restaurant where she and her uncle had seen Paul listening to the German short-wave broadcast. Gus had a little farm a few miles from town, where he kept very much to himself. The name proved a bombshell.

"Unger," Shorty said. "Say, Bob, wasn't he a Bundist?"

"Remember how he chased us off his pond when we went skating there last winter?" Helen Little cried.

"We'd pried a board off the window of a shack beside the pond, hadn't we? I remember

it was full of old machinery. Well, that's our half-tank, if we can get it."

Excited babble almost drowned Bob's steady voice appointing a delegation, "You, Shorty. Ted. Helen. Lyn."

Then Paul Julian stood beside him. "I am sorry I was so hasty," he said in his stiff English. "Could you permit me to offer my help on this job?"

Bob Hastings hesitated. A sullen murmur urged him to refuse. But an unusual sense of fairness, together with his energy, were the qualities that made Bob a leader. He nodded.

Lyn shivered. In that instant she was sure Paul meant to sabotage the work somehow. But how could she accuse him? Uncle Larry had warned her, "Can't make an accusation on mere suspicion. That's Nazi stuff. The Refugee Registration Office has records on people who came here from Europe recently. I'll check with them."

And Lyn had faithfully resolved to wait for factual evidence.

"I'll go, too," Bob was saying. "Meet at my house tomorrow morning. Bring your bikes, and a lunch."

Paul's half-smile appeared. "It sounds like a picnic."

The delegation gave him a sour look.

It was a long hard climb up to Unger's farm the following morning. They had joked about the reception they might expect, but Lyn was startled, nevertheless, by the harsh voice that reached them as they leaned their bicycles against Gus Unger's barnyard fence.

"I think he's a saboteur and needs a punch on the nose," Shorty barked.

salvage crew to make regular collections."

Bob took a deep breath. "Now for the big job. Gus Unger."

At the sound of that name Paul Julian, making his way to





Liège was in ruins. The Nazis had taken the city." Larry Kruse paused, and they waited breathlessly.

"Gedd by your way. Iss no pignickin' here."

Bob lifted the rope latch off the gate and walked in. Uncertainly, the others followed. Bob was saying, "We are looking for scrap iron, Mr. Unger," when the gaunt giant lunged toward them.

Lyn, flinging a quick look about her for the others, saw a colt trotting toward the open gate. And she saw instantly that the farmer would not get there first. In a flash she tore off her jacket and flung it across the horse's path.

The startled animal jumped back. Unger slammed the gate. He turned, raging. "Gedd out o' here!"

Bob held out his salvage bulletins. "Let us talk these over with you, Mr. Unger," he begged.

"What she t'row dat for?" the lanky farmer roared at Lyn. "Mighta make him bust a leg. Gedd oud."

They got out, then. Over the fence. On the road, Ted demanded, "Who left that gate open, anyhow?"

"I fear it was I." Paul's response was prompt.

But Bob's direct mind had no time now for blame. "Let's go

round the bend and figure a new line of approach on this."

They jumped on their bicycles. Gathered in council on a grassy bank out of sight of the Unger farm, they noticed Paul was missing.

"Did he go down the other way?" Bob wondered.

"He never got on his bike," Helen insisted.

Lyn swallowed. "Could he have gone in to talk to Mr. Unger alone?" It was some underhanded trick like this she had feared.

"Why?"

"Because he acts more like a Nazi himself than an honest refugee," Shorty barked. "What'd he leave that gate open for—to queer us? Why'd he quit the committee, and then muscle in again? I think he's a saboteur and I think he needs a punch on the nose."

"Take it easy, Shorty," Bob admonished.

"But Shorty may be right," Lyn felt the words dragged out of her. "I wanted to wait till we had more facts but . . ." Briefly she told about Paul listening to the Nazi broadcast at Unger's. "My uncle is checking on him."

"We'll do some checking our-

selves!" Shorty grabbed for his handle bars, but Bob jerked him back.

"Wait here. I'll be right back."

In breathless intensity now, the salvagers matched notes on suspicious words and acts by which their young Belgian friend had seemed to belittle or thwart salvage work.

Then Bob was back and Paul Julian with him.

"He was talking to Unger, all right," Bob reported grimly, "and in German."

"You knew Mr. Unger was German, didn't you?" Paul's voice was brittle.

"Knew he was a Nazi," Shorty yelled, "How about you?"

"He's not a Nazi. He hates you kids because you trespassed, and damaged something. Before I could get further we were interrupted." He stared at Bob resentfully.

"What did you say about salvage?"

"Nothing—yet. As soon as he saw Bob . . ." he shrugged.

"From being palsy-walsy with Paul he got mad as hops again, and ordered us both out," Bob finished.

(Continued on page 47)

Girls in the WAR

★ Lunch on wheels! Senior Girl Scouts of New Haven, Conn., have turned their station wagon into a mobile canteen. The girls are ready to go into action day or night.

★ News for China. Anor, Adet, Mei-Mei—daughters of Lin Yutang—and Edward Ho are broadcast to China news of American children's role in the war. Pearl Buck, noted author and president of the East and West Association, assists.

★ One soda coming up! To release older people for defense work, the students of Dover N. J., High School, turn out after school hours to take over odd jobs. Joan Helseth 15, for one is a part-time soda jerk and loves it.

Joan is looking forward to nursing school next year. Then she'll feel that she's doing more important war work.
Wide World Photo

★ Playing in the sand—war style. Members of the Friday Night Club of the Uptown New York City, Young Women's Christian Association fill sand bags for use in extinguishing incendiary bombs in air raids. It's in the bag!
Wide World Photo

★ Veteran spotter. Almost-8-year-old June Maeder has been a plane spotter in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service in Southbury, Conn., since shortly after Pearl Harbor. The post is one of our busiest and she's proved she's good.





NEW YEAR'S TAKE-OFF

Discouraged? Disheartened? Need a peg to hang your hopes on? Meet 1943—a brave new year to make a brand-new you!

By MARGUERITE HARMON BRO
Author of "When Children Ask"

Show me a girl with soul so dead
She never to herself hath said,
"Come the New Year, I will do better,
I'll read more books, answer each letter,
Take up exercise, give up slang,
Pass by candy without a pang . . ."
Just show me a girl turning no new leaf
I'll show you a girl whose career is brief.

TURNING over a new leaf "comes natural" to human beings, like sniffing the air on a frosty morning or standing tall when the bugle blows. It is one of the things a person keeps on doing as long as life is on the up and up. To stop

turning new leaves, to lay off resolves and quit-trying, is the same as ordering up your own slab of marble. Because when you lose the will to improve, then dying back of the brain sets in (to borrow a phrase from Dr. Sheldon of Harvard) and your personality begins to dry out like cornstalks in winter.

All the world is divided into two kinds of people: those whose resolutions knit into the pattern of their lives and those whose resolutions ravel out. Every school, even a bushman's

kindergarten, has some of each kind. Take Susie Brown, president of the freshman class at East High. On last New Year's Eve she resolved to administer the good old hundred strokes a day to her fine auburn hair which had become a little streaked. Simple thing—but every day! Well, she did it. Rushed or sleepy, she stuck to her resolution. And now, just as she expected, her hair—shining and soft—is a good ad for her hairbrush. Or take Maurine Chapelle—if you want her. She resolved to keep away from sweets and fats and to spend ten minutes a day on exercises for over-hefty hips. Sometimes

This pen can be mightier than a sword if you follow its line with determination.

she stuck to her resolve for as much as a week. But then . . . So she still has over-hefty hips. She could kid herself with alibis but she couldn't kid her figure. Unfortunately it was dependent upon her dependability.

Resolutions operate under laws as sure as the laws which govern the vibrational energy of sound. But just as you don't need to know all the laws of sound to make a radio work for you, so, too, you don't need to know all the psychological principles of habit to make your habits work for you. Four easy steps!

First, if you want your new resolution to stick, get a clear picture of yourself so that you can be sure this new resolution

never achieve that particular kind of charm. Why should she? But if she studied herself, petite Anabelle could develop her own charm. So if you want to make a change in your personality pattern, first take yourself off to a quiet spot and gaze into a full-length mirror while you give yourself an honest analysis. Look at your natural assets and liabilities of form and character, then draw up the you of your dreams.

Of course, being a versatile and complicated human, you will find many selves inside your personality, but that's all right, too, providing they have a "core of consistency" which is your essential self. Nobody cares a lot for the girl who changes her entire person-

ality with each change of moon; going Heddy Lamar one week and Mona Lisa the next. Her friends say, "Another act."

On the other hand, a girl may honestly have a dozen sides to her if all those sides represent honest interests—just as a well-cut emerald may have many facets.

So measure your resolution against your own long-time, spare-nothing, full-length picture of you. Then if you are sure the new resolution belongs to you—go ahead.

Second, make only a few resolves at a time. You re-

member those pages written out in your plump handwriting of the fourth or fifth grade when one set of your New Year's resolutions would practically have reformed the world? That was all right at the time because if the very young did not aspire to change the world all at once, who

would? But sometimes we get further when we try less. Grandmother's copybook had it—"A few things well done."

Comes New Year's Eve and you sit alone by the embers in your fireplace taking stock for the year ahead. Pencil in hand, you list twenty-two improvements you would like to make in yourself. But common sense tells you that you cannot concentrate in twenty-two directions at once. So—still hoping for the twenty-two—you finally pick out three changes which would mean most to your life right now. You condense those three reforms into three words and write them down: (1) Posture, (2) Neatness, (3) Reading. Then you go into a huddle with yourself and plan a way to make those three resolves effective in your daily life.

This is the third step—fitting your resolves into your busy days. For instance, Posture. You know you slump and you don't want to look like a walking cadaver. You know the dancing master is right when he says you cannot have grace without good carriage. You know the gym teacher is right when she says that no girl can expect suddenly to glide like a princess at the Junior Prom where a moving picture producer is going to be scouting for new material if that girl goes around all day, from home to school, class to class, swaggering a loose-jointed, hippy gait. However, you also know that when you are tearing off to a basketball game, you won't be thinking of posture. At least you hope you'll have your mind on something taller and handsomer than that! So maybe, all in all, you conclude the best time to concentrate on posture is while walking to school. If you could walk right for nine blocks every day, you would soon be headed for success because your muscles—bless 'em—find that the right way is the pleasant way. After a little practice, they will pull you into shape even when you've forgotten about them.

Neatness. This sweet new



The first hundred no's are the hardest, but they're also the ones that melt two inches off your waistline.

belongs to you. For instance, it is silly for Anabelle, a gay little person whose feet fairly twinkle as she walks, to resolve to move with slow dignity. To be sure, the teacher she adores does walk like a queen but the teacher is built like a queen and her temperament is geared to slow grace. Anabelle could

habit you are taking on for your mother's sake. At least that is what you tell yourself tonight. Personally, you don't think it matters much to the future of nations whether your pajamas are hung up or draped over a chair. And yet—and yet—if every room looked like your room, the house (or the

grand book. You decide that you will take your twenty minutes right after dinner at night before you begin to study.

So, having got your resolutions planned and planted, the fourth step is—to begin and keep going. Accept no excuses from yourself. At first, it pays to give up something you want a lot rather than miss a beat in hammering the new habit into place. Give yourself every psychological aid. Let your friends know about the new resolves so that their high expectations will help to buoy you up. Post reminders to yourself in the form of a note on your mirror, the alarm clock's bell, a picture upside down—anything which

calls attention to the new habit that your lazy subconscious may want you to forget. If you make one slip, just take hold again and keep on going. Don't think your ambitions are too small to pray over. Those who have attained the finest self-direction attest a power outside themselves which comes to their aid. It is big business making a self you can live with proudly.

After you have developed some skill in making a new resolution stick, living becomes easier all down the line. You feel less dependent upon other people. You dare to take on entirely new interests. It doesn't matter how amazing your new ambition seems to other people if you yourself know that you are a sticker-atter. A sense of achievement undergirds you. A girl who can make a new self is a woman who can make a new world, the new world we are caring about so much now. And we cannot make that new world until we can do better in making our personal reforms succeed.



dorm) would not long remain such a popular place to come to. You decide that the best time to set your room in order is the last quarter hour before you go to bed because you like to stir around for a few minutes after lessons are done. Then in the morning it is easy to give the room a swish with dustmop and dustcloth, make the bed, and off you go feeling like Brunhilde because nothing gives one the lofty lift of a well-kept room.

As for Reading, you are no longer going to be a moocher of ideas which other people get from books. There must be something in that five-foot bookshelf notion of spending twenty minutes a day on a

Susan Says

What do I like about my best friend? Why, I like her laughter—it's very infectious—and her way of accenting the unexpected syllables (she's a Swedish flicka, you see). She's always happy and singing her gay folk tunes!

We have the swellest talks, girl to girl. Sometimes they're serious, many times a mixture, partly catty, gossipy, and funny. She's very frank and tells me quite candidly that that purple sweater isn't "just the thing" for me. Oh! I have my say, too! It isn't completely one-sided. We have grand disagreements on everything from our favorite movie actor to the answers in our geometry homework.

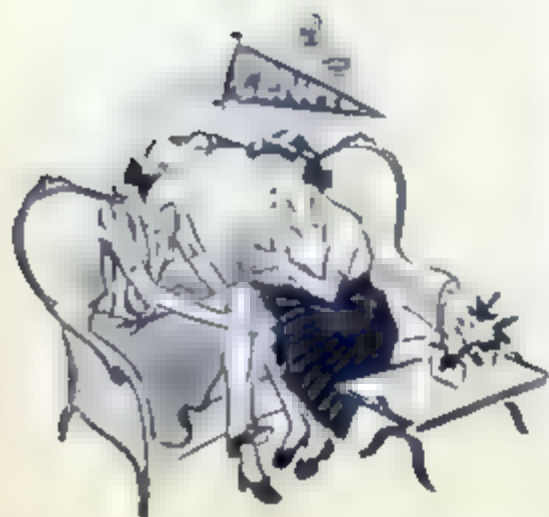
But these are the spice of friendship. Without them we would be just acquaintances. We like cheese, the tart kind, and boys, the tall kind. We go well together and that's really the answer. We suit each other.

By PHYLLIS RASHTI, aged 15, Detroit, Michigan

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says"? This month write 150 words on "My Favorite Family Custom." Entries must reach us by February 5th. Each month we will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says" contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



MANY girls, from thirteen years old to sixteen, from many parts of the United States and Canada, have written to ask us about kissing and pitching woo. In fact, the question has come in so often recently, in one form or another, that we're giving our space this month to a discussion of it alone.

To kiss or not to kiss is not a new question. It has come up with every generation. What is new is that now it turns up sooner. This is probably another wartime complication, along with the shortened school year, earlier jobs, more spending money, younger marriages. Girls trying to answer the question must remember that they are not necessarily older now than girls the same age way back in 1939, or 1925, that their bodily growth and the number and extent of their experiences and their depth of understanding are probably at just about the same stage. Growing does not happen all at once.

It all boils down to a question of common sense and of good taste. Boys whose "feelings are hurt" if they are not kissed will probably get over it. As a matter of fact, young people with whom we have discussed the matter agree that harder-to-get girls usually have an added value. Some boys said quite frankly that they really don't

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

care for girls who are "too free and easy" and too easily overwhelmed by masculine charms. Of course they say that girls need not be prudes, either. But then, it isn't necessary to pull an I'm-not-that-kind-of-a-girl act. Or to assume a how-dare-you manner. Those who want to kid the boy-friend out of amorous intentions can try something like "Sugar is being rationed now, remember?" or "I'm saving myself for Uncle Sam." The light touch eases a refusal, and saves male pride.

So does sharing interests and activities. The years between thirteen and sixteen or seventeen are years for finding oneself. They are also years for many friendships, for helping one another in schoolwork or out-of-school activities, for enjoying others' company and talents and hobbies. And we mean "others" of both sexes. Games, dramatics, dancing, athletics, reading, movies, going on hikes and to parties, and many useful war activities can be undertaken together. And they give real fun, without the after-effect of "I wish I hadn't done it," or "What would Daddy say?"

A number of young people with whom we talked made an interesting distinction between heavy and light expressions of tender affection and pointed out that some which mean very little to one person may mean a lot more to another. They felt,

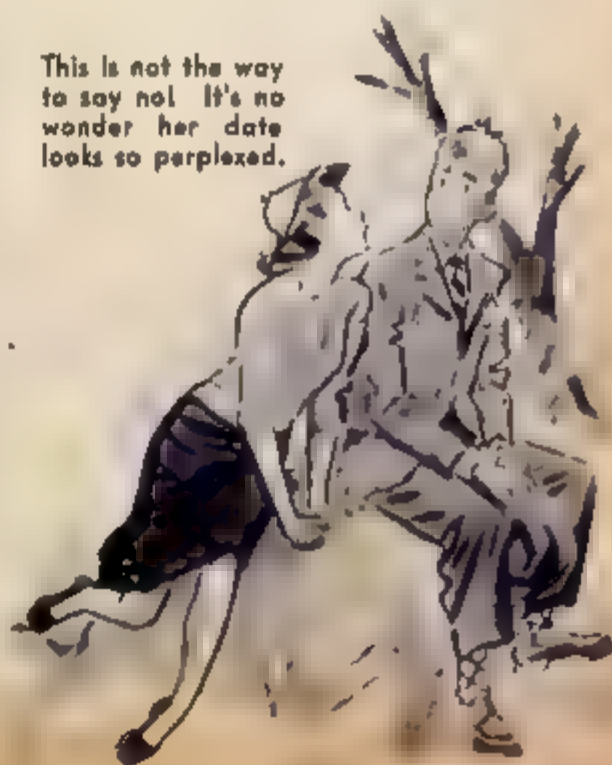
too, that girls must accept the fact that deeper feelings, when aroused, are sometimes difficult to keep in check. Whether the girl and boy intend it or not, the light variety can lead to the heavy, and the latter can lead on to stronger tides of feeling which they don't want to set in motion. Those who ask older sisters' and brothers will find the same thing true with them.

Other young people suggested that some girls and boys just "think pitching woo is smart," or that it is "something to brag about." And one girl of fifteen pointed out that it is the girl who sets the pattern of behavior with boys.

But it's sometimes difficult to know how to go about it. A club of girls between fourteen and fifteen wrote in to ask how to say no to a boy who wants only to go off in a dark corner for a little kissing, and they ask if it's all right to refuse a date with such a boy. We're sure they really know that the answer in an emphatic yes.

And they can remember, too, that they are not only free individuals but also members of society. It helps to learn to understand the social customs
(Continued on page 39)

This is not the way to say no! It's no wonder her date looks so perplexed.



Powder-Puff Pilots



Waiting their early-morning turn to fly, the "eggs" gratefully huddle around a small fire in a battered can at the airport.

Up in the clouds—but these air-conditioned high school girls who are sprouting wings have their feet on the ground

By E. RUSSELL TROTMAN
Aviation Writer

IN THE gray chill of a winter's morning, Rosemary Gallagher gave her turban a final twist and tiptoed silently down the hall from her bedroom. A floor board squeaked as she passed her father's door. Chief Raymond P. Gallagher of the Springfield, Massachusetts, police department, rolled over in bed to squint at his alarm clock. The hands had not reached six yet. Was it possible that Rosemary was up before the sun!

"Where are you going at the crack of dawn?" he called sleepily to the pretty seventeen-year-

old pride and joy of his heart.

Rosemary's voice came back in an excited stage whisper. "This is the day I take my first flying lesson, Dad. We have to be at the airport early to avoid the rush."

"Make it good, honey," the Chief mumbled drowsily and promptly went back to sleep.

And in many Springfield homes these days the same scene is repeated. High school girls and boys are rolling out when the first light starts to streak the sky. They wait on windy street corners for the special bus which drives them to the airport and, as far as they are concerned, life begins at the airport where they gain wings.

It's not surprising to find boys eager to follow the lead of the daring eagles of the Army Air Forces fighting on all fronts. In other parts of the country, the government has selected high school boys to train for aviation. But in Springfield, Massachusetts, the girls are just as enthusiastic to get into the blue and what's more they are getting the opportunity. These fourteen- to eighteen-year-olds are determined to achieve as much as the great American birdwomen.

When the group of youngsters started flying two years ago, the ratio of girls was one to every four boys, but once the "upstairs" was mastered by the first few courageous ones, the number increased and now there is a total of some fifty girls from all the city's schools. Every one of these girls who is

flying has a definite goal in view. They are all desperately anxious to prove to the world that the high school girl has the right to the opportunity to fly.

There are no special requirements, physical, mental, or educational, for learning to fly at the airport. The instructors feel that pilots have been given too much of a superman reputation. In the old daredevil days of barnstorming, when planes were collapsible matchboxes, great skill and daring were necessary. But such strides have been made in design and safety that planes today practically fly themselves. Of course, plenty of training is essential for anyone who plans to enter meteorology, navigation, or other technical phases of aviation. But for the students who want to learn to pilot a plane safely and competently, there are simple instructions in pre-flight aeronautics which give them a grasp of the fundamentals of flight, airplane engines, and plane construction.

There are a few obstacles in the path of would-be pilots. One big one is money for flying lessons and most of the girls earn their own. Between school, study, and working in stores, business offices, doctors' offices, or industrial plants, they have little time for their trips to the airport, but somehow they find it. Lessons cost \$8.00 an hour and most of the girls can earn just enough for fifteen minutes of instruction each week. An even more

serious drawback is the fact that planes and instructors are so few that it takes students almost a year to get in eight hours of flying time.

Patience and perseverance, therefore, are the biggest requirements for the girl who wants to fly. A serious attitude toward aviation is a "must," too. And a persuasive tongue is a help in air-conditioning mothers and fathers who balk at the idea of their daughters sprouting wings. More and more parents are recognizing that the younger generation is air minded and that they take to planes as their elders take to cars.

But let's go along with one high school girl on her first cloud-hopping expedition. As the bus approaches the airport, she feels more and more jittery, and she wonders whether maybe she hadn't better be earth-bound after all. The friendly smile of George R. Galipeau, the airport operator, reassures her a little, but as she climbs into the passenger seat of the Taylorcraft Cub, she feels as though she had a propeller in her stomach and she pins a wavering smile on her face with an effort as the other girls wave her off. Then the plane shudders as the motors roar, the ground drops away, the trees are cleared, and the airport buildings become toy houses.

Benjamin R. Bushey, mathematics and science teacher who now devotes time to teaching pre-flight aeronautics, demonstrates rudder and elevator action.

And fear and doubt drop away with the earth itself as she experiences the wonderful free feeling of flying. Although she does not realize it, for these first ten minutes she is kept under keen observation by the instructor. When he tells her to take the controls and start flying, she is surprised and a little dismayed, but unafraid. She knows the theory of flight and plane operation, but she grasps the joy-stick with unsteady hands, and has difficulty in keeping her trembling feet on the rudder pedals. The plane rocks a little as she overcontrols, but the instructor straightens it out and explains her error. Just when she's beginning to get the hang of it, the first lesson is over and the plane heads back to the airport, bearing a wildly eager girl and a grinning instructor.

The first hour or two of flying are an emotional education that take a lot of the kid out of a high school girl. Her wild excitement after the fifteen minutes aloft is replaced by a calmer reaction. With each succeeding lesson her mastery of the Cub's controls increases,



until she's ready for her solo license and her first flight without the instructor. The law says that sixteen years of age is the minimum for a license and some students, though ready, can't solo immediately because they are under age. So they live impatiently for the great day.

The Civil Aeronautics examination is given to every candidate before the right to solo, accompanied by a private pilot's license. The Civil Aeronautics Administration physical examination is thorough, but most girls can pass it. Balance, depth perception, and coordination are tested; heart reaction under exercise must be good; reflexes must be normal; hands must be steady; and the general nervous condition of the candidate must be stable.

Grownups often ask whether high school students make good pilots and the instructors shoot back an emphatic "yes!" They feel that the average intelligent high school teen-ager will make a better student pilot than a person of twenty-two.

The youngsters' flying instruction is identical with that given adults and they learn to fly in the same length of time it takes an adult. Sometimes, because of their youth, girls and boys make better students. The air, rather than the ground, is the younger generation's medium of expression, and they are eager to get going. The teeners have confidence in themselves and they are determined.

Another common question is

about the girls, and whether they make as good pilots as boys. The instructors haven't noticed any difference between girls and boys. Both are eager to learn and both learn easily. "Powder-puff pilots," is the nickname that the boys have tagged on the ladybirds, but you'll notice that the girls are generally well out of earshot when it's used!

The powder-puff pilots have formed their own flying club and in less than a year its membership has practically doubled. If you take a look at the members, you can see how serious they are. They are all high school girls and they are all "eggs." (That means a student pilot—a bird that's not hatched.) Blonde, brunette, or red head, they are not "purty faces wif nought behind 'em," for they are all maintaining their high scholastic standards as well as planning a future in aviation. And they do intend to make it their future. None of them is flying for fun alone, although they are all "air hogs." Most important is their desire to pull their weight in the war effort, if the war lasts long enough, and then in the post-war aviation era to carve out careers for themselves in the great new field that will open up.

Take, for instance, Chief Gallagher's daughter, a typical pretty Irish colleen. She was scared the first time she went up, but now she can't talk anything but flying, and that goes for sixteen-year-olds Dorothea Pease, dark with greenish-gray eyes, and June Longueil, pert

brunette. Dorothea, with a half-hour of dual instruction behind her, says, "Flying is tops in sensations. There's nothing like it. I was awfully thrilled the first time, but there's still nothing to compare with it. As for trouble, there just isn't any. If you can drive an automobile, you can fly easily."

Jean Benson, fifteen, a junior, helped her young brother build model planes, as did Louise Allen, sixteen, and Rose Ellen O'Brien, sixteen. Rose has been wanting to fly for three years and she believes that this is her opportunity to become, some day, a member of the Women's Auxiliary Flying Service, a common goal of most of the girls.

Louise Allen's thirteen-year-old sister, Marjorie, is just a junior high school pupil, but she's a flying enthusiast, too. Marjorie will probably take to the air soon, for Mr. and Mrs. Allen have no objection to the fledgling desires of the girls. Ruth Baxter, sixteen, who had to wait three Sundays before she took her first flying lesson, has parents who are crazy about flying, too.

These girls really seem "born to the stick" and their very thoughts are winged. Their talk is a pattern of all that goes on at the airport or up in the blue above the fat clouds they used to watch dreamily from the ground. To them, there is nothing to match the grace of a silver-winged ship banking or gliding in to a perfect three-point landing. Their whole vocabularies have taken on new meaning. "Ceiling" is altitude, "nose" is the front of a plane, tail is the back, and "soup" means no flying because of fog. The best they can wish you is "tail winds" or "happy landing" and the one thing they most long to hear for themselves is the instructor's quiet "Take her up" which means that they have at last earned their wings and the right to soar alone.



Sixteen-year-old Rose Ellen O'Brien prepares for her flying lesson. Evidence to the contrary, she takes to the air seriously. She waited three years for the chance.

THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

Weird melodies, plaintive old songs, strange disappearances mystified the Barry sisters. Could a modern apartment really have a ghost?

By MARGARET SUTTON

Author of "Judy Bolton Mystery Stories"
and "Jemima: Daughter of Daniel Boone"



Harper boys' house as their last good time before the arrival of their stepmother, "Old Belle"—which was what Bob and Billy Harper had named her years ago. The four sisters were wakened one night by Mrs. Draeger, the superintendent's wife, banging on the door. Sue opened the door to be met by "the dragon's" accusation that the girls were having a party and dancing, singing, and playing records at three A.M. "Send your guests home," she ordered. Sue switched on the living-room lights and faced Mrs. Draeger. "You see, I can't send my friends home when there is no one here!" Now go on with Chapter Two.

"I mean to find out where it was," she declared, searching the drawer.

Draeger," Sue protested, wide-eyed. "We've been asleep for hours . . ."

"With that noise going on? Impossible!" Mrs. Draeger interrupted. "There was singing and dancing and phonograph playing. And I mean to find out where it was."

Absurdly, she pulled open all the drawers, including the one where Sue had hidden her sisters' books. The girl felt thankful now that she had tucked them well underneath a pile of manuscripts. Marty was already crying for her fairy book while Pam felt sure that someone must have stolen her book of poetry. Shirley was convinced that the apartment was haunted.

"You didn't really think we could hide a phonograph in the desk drawer, did you?" she asked innocently.

Slamming the drawer shut, Mrs. Draeger turned on her indignantly.

"I don't know where you'd hide it. I only know I heard music and unless you explain it you will find yourself properly punished. If your friends have gone out by the fire escape, they have foolishly risked their lives. Your father won't stand for this sort of behavior when he hears of it, and as for his new wife . . ."

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Sue, oldest of the four motherless Barry sisters, was keeping an eye on the younger girls during their father's absence. All four girls were disturbed by the news that their father planned to marry a woman who, according to Bob Harper's mother, was "a terror. Marty's fairy stories and Pam's favorite verses from Omar Khayyam's "The Rubaiyat" frightened them still more of stepmothers. The girls longed for the return of their good friend Aunt Annie who used to live in the next apartment. They looked forward to the dance at the

FOR a moment Mrs. Draeger could only stand and stare. Then, recovering her dignity, she stalked across the living room and threw open the study door. She looked quite thoroughly in all the closets. Then she faced the girls, still unconvinced.

"I distinctly heard music," she said, "and it came from this apartment."

"But it couldn't have, Mrs.



She lowered her voice to a sepulchral whisper, as she added, "And if they weren't real, they must have been—ghosts!"

An expressive gesture finished this sentence and left the three older girls shivering with apprehension. Little Marty was terrified. Pam stepped forward, determined to take matters into her own hands. The word "punishment" suggested the unthinkable possibility that they might not be allowed to go to the Harper boys' party.

"Look, Mrs. Draeger," she began, "if we explain this, will you promise not to tell Dad? I mean if you're convinced it isn't our fault. It's going to be difficult enough for all of us without weird tales about midnight music when he comes home with his new wife."

"Three o'clock music."

Pam almost giggled at that. Mrs. Draeger was as precise as a bookkeeper. Somehow, she liked the woman in spite of her dragonish behavior. Pam had an annoying habit of liking the most unpleasant people, the others always said. But in a situation like this, Pam was perfect. Mrs. Draeger calmed down almost at once. She agreed and was just turning to go when another rap sounded on the door.

"More ghosts!" Shirley whispered dramatically, but it proved to be only Georgie Draeger, the superintendent's son.

"Come on back to bed, can't you, Mom?" he began in his plaintive whine. "Pop told me I'd better tell you. He says, leave the girls alone. The music's stopped, hasn't it? There's nothing you can do."

Mrs. Draeger bristled like a mother hen.

"There's always something I can do," she declared, "and don't you make any mistake about that, Georgie. But I was coming. You might tell your father that."

"I'll tell him, Mom."

George hesitated, looked at the girls, started to say something and then closed his mouth. His hair was standing straight up and his face was pasty white. It was impossible not to feel sorry for him even if he was what the four sisters called a drool. Shirley whispered behind his mother's back, "Did you hear it too, Georgie?"

"Sure," he replied. "I'm a light sleeper."

"Light sleeper, my foot!" scoffed his mother. "He sleeps like Rip Van Winkle. The building could burn down around his ears and he'd never hear it. I'll warrant he wouldn't be here now if his father hadn't roused him with water to wake him up. Well, good night, and remember what I told you."

"Good night, girls," Georgie barely whispered as he turned to follow meekly after his mother. Not until the creak of the elevator told them the two were safely settled in their own basement apartment did the four Barry sisters return to their bedroom to sleep out what was left of the night.

It seemed everybody knew about it by morning. Somehow, every family in the apartment building had heard the strange music except the girls themselves. Shirley was the only one who had any explanation for it.

"It wasn't in our apartment at all," she said impressively. "It was in the empty apartment next door. You remember how Aunt Annie used to come in here and say she wanted to be with real folks for a change? Well, what did she mean if not that the folks in her apartment weren't real?" She lowered her voice to a sepulchral whisper, as she added, "And if they weren't real, they must have been—ghosts!"

"Oh, Shirley!" Pam said impatiently. "That's ridiculous. Ghosts don't play phonographs. And I'm sure it wasn't any ghost who took our books." She glanced at Sue as she said this, and the girl flushed and left the room. It was time for school but Pam's mind, that day, was not on her lessons. Right after school she cornered Billy Harper at Josie's where the gang usually went for sodas.

"Look, Billy," she began, "I've got to have your advice about something. Tell me, did you ever hear of music playing with no radio or phonograph or anything? Just playing, like that, in an empty room at three o'clock in the morning!"

"What are you doing? Trying to kid me or something?" asked Billy.

"No, Billy, honest! I'm serious. Last night in our apartment..."

"What were you doing awake at three o'clock?"

"I wasn't awake."

"Aha! Dreaming? That explains almost anything."

"But I mean," she insisted, "that I wasn't awake until the superintendent's wife woke Susie and me and all of us, yelling for us to turn off our phonograph. You know yourself that we haven't any, and the radio was off. But she declares we had on a record. She even knew what it was—'Three O'Clock in the Morning.'"

"Say! That's an old one we hadn't thought about. Maybe Bob could arrange it for our crowd at the dance next Saturday. What do you think?"

"Please, not that one," Pam pleaded. "I'm just begging you to help me figure out what happened."

"Listen," he said, "who's in the apartment next to you? That may throw some light on the subject."

"It's empty," Pam said. "You know, it was Aunt Annie's apartment. Her husband died there and I guess she got to feeling queer about it, being

alone so much and all. Anyway, she moved out last week. Unless Shirley's ghost stories are true, that isn't the answer." She sighed, making bubbles in her soda. "The trouble is, Mrs. Draeger really thinks we had guests and sneaked them out over the fire escape or something. That's what she'll tell Dad if we don't explain it ourselves. He's bringing home his new wife and goodness knows what she'll think, even if we can convince him we're innocent. Billy, what would you do?"

Billy's forehead wrinkled in thought as he bent over his

soda. Then he had another idea

"Tell you what. You have your father's address, haven't you? Why don't you tell him your side of it in a letter? Then when he gets her side, it won't make so much difference. I'd come over and help you search around and stuff, but the music club's tonight and we have to rehearse our heads off for the party. You're coming. Remember?"

Pam smiled at him over their empty soda glasses. As if she could forget! Of course, Billy wasn't her dream prince or anything. He was only an inch taller than she was and not half as handsome as his brother. But he was wonderful when it came to advising people. On the way home he especially warned her not to forget to report the missing books.

"That may be important," he declared. "As far as I can see, it's your only clue. Someone had to be in your apartment, not the empty one, to take the books. What sort of books were they?"

"Marty's fairy book," Pam said, "and my Rubaiyat."

"Your what?"

"Rubaiyat. It's the name of the thing. You know, all those letters they write on the cover."

"What is it? Greek or something?"

"It's Persian," Pam explained, "but, of course, it's translated. It's really beautiful. Listen!" And she began to quote:

There was the Door to which I found
no Key;
There was the Veil through which I
might not see . . .

"Wait!" Billy interrupted excitedly. "What about the key to that apartment next door? Wouldn't the superintendent lend it to you to help along the investigation?"

"Billy! You angel!" Pam cried. "I believe he would."

And she danced home, determined to ask him first thing. He was a meek little man not at all like his wife and seemed only mild-

(Continued on page 53)

"Pam!" Sus called out in panic, but Pam's chair was empty.





The Smallest STARS Twinkle, Too!

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS Movie Editor

HOLLYWOOD'S smallest star now is out and going right on. He is a youngster and even the craze. Moreover, nature and young children are the greatest scene stealers in pictures. Ever the most glamorous stars can't take the audience's eye in when a youngster enters. And when the child enters, you'll hear sympathy from adults as if everybody wanted to run right up to the screen and do something about it. In addition, a youngster appears, there are remarkable performances by the youngest members of the cast in the films here described.

1 Seems just yesterday that Baby Dimples was the latest thing in the baby's film. Now as you see he's a young chap in school with a baby sister even more adorable than he was at her age. *Col.*

2 Neal Conway wrote and directed in which we have, a little boy, a little girl and the officers and sailors of the Royal Navy who rescued her. *U.S.A.*

3 Twentieth Century Fox's take over a ship in "Stand by for Action" when they are rescued from a drill ship. It's a story with only two scenes in charge. This makes plenty of room for Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton, Wladimir, and Bruce Darnley of the ship's command. Made with the cooperation of the U.S. Navy the story is of an aged destroyer, the Warrior, which is put back into service and proves unconquerable. *MGM*

4 Deanna Durbin takes charge of a village of Chinese children and brings them safely out of a fighting zone in "Porky's Tour". Deanna is now a fascinating woman but she's still as likable as when she was an engaging child. As the Chinese youngsters in the picture keep her on her feet. *Walt.*

5 Here's Ann Corrie, the lass who makes Paul Muni look so like a baby in "Commander Strike at Dawn". *Col.*

6 And Todd is one of our favorites though we hardly recognize her in the new band in "Doris Dugan" who is the youngest member of a wealthy Washington family. "Charles Ruggles and Charlotte Greenwood are Mr. and Mrs. which signifies the happy" who go on to their own in on-road defense and government. *U.S.A.*

7 Diana Mela, the much-remembered daughter of almost so concerned as "Koddy McDowell" for the widow as Flicka, the young girl Koddy makes back to health in "My Friend Flicka". Western scenes in Technicolor add to the film's beauty. *Fox*

8 Marcy McGuire burst upon the scene with her explosion in "Seven Days' Notice". Her screen work Arnold Stang, a little who is also a radio bug, are most amusing. *RKO*

9 Two children of surprising ability. Ma goes to G. B. in "Raymond" which makes "Journey to the East" one of the most believable war films to date. It is tragic though there's a happy ending when Rachel Young and Laraine Day adopt both children and bring them to America. *MGM*



How one successful young author has found that using real experiences from her own everyday life is the best way to

Write To Fame

By SHEILA JOHN DALY
Fourteen years old

I REALLY didn't want to write at all. It just happened! It was all my sister Maureen's fault. You see, she began writing when she was fifteen. A year later there was a story called "Sixteen," about a cute blond fellow. It won first prize in a magazine contest in 1938.

Because "Sixteen" was such a success—it was republished many times—Maureen wrote madly all the next summer, the summer I was eleven. That's when things really began for me.

It was a hot July afternoon when she got a little angry with me—I had been pestering her all day to come swimming—and she said slowly (I can almost remember her exact words), "Sheila John, why don't you write a story?" So I did!

I went into my room across the hall and came out only once that afternoon. That was to ask Maureen what word to use instead of "put on" lipstick. I really didn't know what to use. By suppertime "The Sisters" was finished. It was about my three sisters getting ready for a dance, about Marg, "the suave, sophisticated one"; Kathleen, "who was in her formal slip until the last minute"; and Maureen, "the youngest of the three, but the tallest."

When I showed the story to Maureen she thought it had possibilities and she promised to type it and send it to *Woman's Day* that night. (*Woman's Day* had republished "Sixteen" in June, so she thought that the editors were her special friends.) Then I forgot about it—until one day two weeks later. That day there was a letter. *Woman's Day* liked the



Sheila John Daly, the author of this article, has been writing for national magazines ever since she was eleven years old—three long years ago.

story, they wanted to buy it, and everything was wonderful. "The Sisters" came out that November. I was thrilled beyond belief. I was eleven then.

Now I'm fourteen and I'm still thrilled. I've been writing fairly regularly since then, except for one six-month stretch between "The Sisters" and the next story. That was when I thought, "Here I am, just eleven, and I've had a story published. That's not bad at all." I guess I was really pretty dumb.

There have been acceptances now from *Extension* and *D. C. Cook*, *The Catholic Woman's World* and the *Chicago Daily News*, *Junior Arts and Activities*, and more from *Woman's*

Day, and most recently from *Mademoiselle*. But none of them has been quite as wonderful as the first.

All the time I try to keep kidding myself that I have to wait for inspiration to write, but I know that it's not true at all. I've never been inspired and probably never will be. I know very well that I have to sit down and write.

I'm afraid, too, that I don't work nearly as hard as I ought to; but when I should be writing, there are lots more things going on. Maybe that's why I work better rather late at night after I've done my homework or on quiet mornings in the summer. Mom gets a little annoyed when I work at night, but she usually goes to sleep at about ten-thirty and then she doesn't care. So it's all right.

After "The Sisters" Maureen gave me little tips on writing. The one she used most often was the one her English teacher stressed: "Write from your own experience!" Maureen had seemed to get along very well that way, so that's what I've been doing. Almost everything I've written has been about my family or kids my age. It's really the only thing I could ever write about that would sound authentic and sincere. And—because I have no great philosophy, no special writing talent, and no great descriptive power—sincerity is the only thing that could make anything I write worthwhile.

There were only two stories that weren't about the things I knew thoroughly. One was about a Chicago gangster and the other about a small bear. The gangster story wasn't very good, and the one about the

bear didn't really need accurate knowledge. It was a sort of fairy tale. There I just used my imagination. Other than that I've stuck to family and youth stories.

Because those are the things I write about I don't have much difficulty in finding suitable words. I just use the ordinary ones that my family and the kids I know use all the time. Everyone in our family but me was born in Ireland, so I have to be careful not to let some of the few funny words and expressions that Mom and Dad use creep into a story. I've had to cut them out several times. Then, too, both Maureen and I use "small," "quiet," "really," and "wonderful" far too often. I don't know why. After finishing a story we have to go over it and cut most of them out.

Then there's rewriting. I hate it! After reading a story over four or five times to correct, cut, and, finally, type it, I'm so sick of it that I'd just as soon never see it again—that is, until it's in print. Then it seems worthwhile again.

I lead a very normal, small-town life. Fond du Lac has

27,000 people, Lake Winnebago, St. Mary's Springs Academy and a public high, many smooth people, one nice main street, a beautiful park, and Kremer's. I really like Fond du Lac. It's a wonderful town to grow up in.

Every day, come eight-fifteen, I catch a bus for St. Mary's Springs Academy. It's really a beautiful school, three miles out of town, high on a tree-covered hill, with a wonderful wood for a campus. There's a swimming pool that nobody swims in and two rowboats that the fellows paddle without oars, a brick fireplace on the lawn, and several shrines. You'd like the Academy. It's my second year high now and I take Latin, geometry, English, and the usual things.

But besides all that, perhaps the best thing that Fond du Lac has, according to kids my age, is Kremer's. You've all been in at Kremer's, I know. You must have been. You've sat in its dim back booths, carried too-full cokes back to your table, or dashed in quickly to buy a bottle of cough syrup or a bar of castile up front, without even time to say more than "Hi" to

the kids in the dimness of the booths or near the bright, colored lights that are the juke box. Kremer's is really a wonderful place. No one in our crowd could get along without it. You all know the value of a drugstore like Kremer's. It's the only place where everyone can get together for talking or for just sitting around. It's the place where cokes are still a nickel and you can sit a long time with a five-cent purchase.

I think I'll write a story about Kremer's some day. When I do, it should be interesting. It would be the story of Fond du Lac youth.

I've had a lot of fun that I'd never have had if I hadn't started to write. I've met wonderful and interesting people that I'd never have met and been to places that I never would have seen otherwise.

Right now I'm concentrating on the Pulitzer Prize. You see, Maureen and I are having a race for it, though I really think *she'll* win. Even if it is hard once in a while, writing certainly is fun. "Why don't you write a story?" It can start as easily as that!



When she's not writing or going to school, some of Sheila John's best hours are spent in Kremer's.

A Date to Remember

First dates come only once to a person, and they are memory-making events

By GAYLE SIMS
Feature Writer

I SUPPOSE I'll never live down that awful memory of my first date. It was bad enough before it even started, being scared stiff by two big sisters filling my head with what not to do.

Then that silent ride to the high school for the senior play, with neither of us saying a word after the first mumbled "How are you?" But to top it all, right in the middle of the first act I leaned forward and—snap!—a shoulder strap broke on my slip!

If only I'd known what to do instead of what not to do, I could have sat comfortably until the first-act intermission, excused myself, and gone to the "powder room," and fixed the strap. As it was, the evening became torture. Try it sometime—sit in an auditorium and keep your eyes on a stage while you frantically and secretly try to locate a missing strap and pin the broken edges together!

But you can be spared that. Learn the do's, and the do not's will take care of themselves.

Suppose Bill calls and asks you to go to the movies with him. You've probably reached an understanding with your mother on what nights you may go out—and with whom. If not, you handle the matter carefully, like this:

"Oh, Bill, that sounds mighty nice. Can you wait a second while I see if the family has anything planned?"

A quick conference with Mother, and you're ready to say, "Bill, I'd love to go. What

time shall I be ready to leave?"

Or it may not work out that way, in which case you show regret, but no more—"Bill, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't make it." If your mother has no objections to Bill himself, you might add, "Maybe we can get together some other night"—just as a statement, of course, not a question!

You realize that Bill is complimenting you by asking you to go with him. And while you don't want to give him the idea that you're simply wild with happiness, you do want to let him know you think it would be fun to be with him. You wouldn't say, for instance, "Well, I suppose I can make it." How would you like it if you offered to take someone to the show, and the answer was, "Oh, I guess so"?

The night arrives, and Bill with it, and it's time to use just a faint dash of psychology on him. Don't rush to the door

to meet him; let someone else do it. And let him sit in the living room under the eyes of your family for a couple of minutes—no longer. That way the whole picture changes. Instead of you waiting for him, he's waiting for you. And when you appear, he's grateful to you for ending the strain. See how much neater that is than if you had dashed out to meet him almost before he had time to ring the doorbell?

So you start out one up on him, and instead of feeling self-conscious and ill at ease yourself, you can concentrate on trying to make him feel natural. And that's another big secret of the smart girl. To keep from worrying about yourself—how you look, how you're acting, what he thinks of you—just reverse the procedure. Tell yourself that you're determined Bill will feel at ease and have a good time. Get so interested in him that you forget



Believe it or not, a broken shoulder strap, even at the wrong time, need not be an embarrassing moment.

about yourself completely.

And off you go on your first date!

There's something about a first date that almost makes you forget that, after all, Bill is just Bill and you are just you. That's what you must remember. Take it easy! You've seen Bill before, and you've gone to a show before. So why worry?

You'll be thoughtful about his money, too. Of course, if he should have a taxi waiting, you won't embarrass him by making an issue of it. But if you know Bill isn't rolling in money, you'll give him the idea that it's more fun to walk or ride the bus or streetcar. He'll appreciate it plenty.

On the way you'll talk about things you are both interested in—school, sports, what's going to happen to Bill's brother George who is in the Air Forces. You'll be careful to avoid fake boredom or giggly excitement, because you know extremes are never very attractive.

The little things that come up on every date needn't bother you if you act natural and take it easy and stop to think. What to do, you wonder, while Bill's getting the tickets? Why, what else but talk to another girl you see waiting for her date, or look at the advertisements in the lobby, or just stand still and relax?

You walk ahead of Bill into the movie if there's an usher to

show you to seats. If there isn't, Bill might go ahead of you to find a place. That's the proper form, but don't bother about it—things will work out either way, and no one is staring at you. They're interested in the show.

You are, too, in a minute or so. And then suddenly it's over and you remember you have a date and you're leaving. Bill stands back to let you go up the aisle ahead of him.

Maybe he suggests stopping at a drugstore or a hamburger stand. If he does, you'll of course be careful to ask for something not too expensive and if he doesn't, you naturally won't notice it at all.

But suppose you sit there in the drugstore, talking over your soda until you realize it's time to get home. You use a little more of the old psychology here. You had wanted to stay out until eleven-thirty, but Mother had held firm for eleven o'clock sharp. Of course, you could tell Bill mournfully that Mother insisted you had to be home by eleven—that is, you could tell him that if you wanted him to think of you in terms of a little girl begging her mother to let her stay up after eleven. But of course you don't want that at all. It isn't necessary to bring Mother into it. You just say that it's such a shame, but it's getting late and you simply must be getting home.

And what about inviting him in when you get home? Well, probably not, if it's that late. But if it's early, he might come in for a while if he wishes. Or maybe you've been thoughtful in advance about his money, and arranged with him to go right home after the show for a cup of hot chocolate.

But at any rate, if the front door is locked and you have a key, give him the key and let him open the door for you. It will make him feel like a polished man of the world. Of course you know that under that slicked-down hair he's just Bill, but give him a break.

After all, remember that this may be his first date, too!



This will make him feel like a polished man of the world, so give him a break.

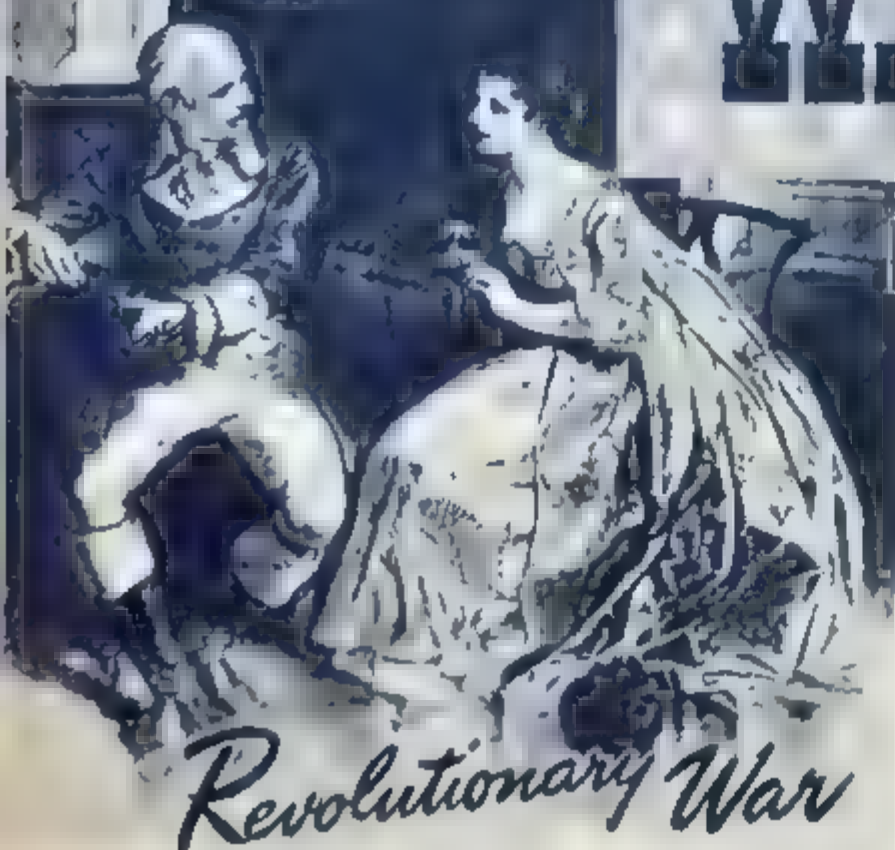
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WARDROBES



Revolutionary War

1776—The U.S.O. is as old as the U.S.A.! Girl patriots of the Revolutionary days helped boost the morale of their soldier boys with a place to relax and cheerful words, too. "Yankee Doodle" was No. 1 on the hit parade in those days.

Bettmann Archive Photo

1848—Gos and rubber shortages may make walking as popular again as it was back in Mexican War days, but you won't look like this when you take a stroll. Goodness! Can you imagine twelve yards of skirts flapping around your ankles?

Mexican War



Spanish-American War

1898—Girls of Spanish-American War days also visited the Army camps, and they too had to ride bikes instead of cars. Notice the masculine cut of their clothes, an influence that's been with us ever since. Their friend is probably quoting the hit, "Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you."

Bettmann Archive Photo

Civil War



1865—Here's the U.S.O. spirit again, but the balls these girls attended for the soldiers were tremendous affairs, as were the gowns they wore. The sub-debs loved to dance, just as you do! It may look like it, but it isn't the 'Lindy.' They're probably doing a waltz. When they weren't dancing they gathered around the piano and sang such songs as "When This Cruel War Is Over," or "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Culter Service Photo



World War I

1917—These girls wore natty sports outfits when seeing the sights at big brother's World War I Army camp. Don't miss the spats! It's ten to one they went home that night and sang "Till We Meet Again," all-time No. 1 seller in popular music, or maybe that old—and still—favorite "Keep the Home Fires Burning."



World War II

1942—Our clothes still show the masculine influence but we do look feminine in them as we go about our school and defense work. And no huge and cumbersome skirts either. So we can go home and sing "Praise the Lord."

Forstmann Woolen Company



JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



EXTRAS in the Meat Pot

On K. P. at home? Season your meat supply with a dash of imagination and make it S-T-R-E-T-C-H

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor

WANT to make a hit one of these days? Then help the family meat allotment stretch and s-t-r-e-t-c-h. You probably know that some of our juicy steaks and chops are in the Army now and so a patriotic young cook's menu maneuvers are almost as important as military ones.

When we say s-t-r-e-t-c-h we mean that you can make meat dishes go far by combining them with other ingredients. And that's an important thing to have in mind when your mother lets you choose a main dish to prepare for guests or for "just the family." There are certain foods that are naturals as "meat extenders." Bread crumbs and cracker crumbs, rice and other cereals, for instance; beans and certain other vegetables; cheese, too; and macaroni, noodles, and spaghetti.

You'll learn a lot about extending if you hang around the kitchen on a Monday night when your mother is using up Sunday's leftovers. Take a peek at her pursuits—you'll probably end up by getting some food ideas of your own. In the

meantime here's one of ours: a dash of imagination, an attractive casserole, two cups of boiled rice, two cups of diced cold meat, canned tomato soup to cover, a suspicion of allspice, some gentle combining, a moderate heap of oven heat—and your first maneuver will be a heap big success.

Just to get a few wartime food ideas for you we've been scouring the Army Cookbook lately. It turns out to be fascinating reading—partly because of the nonchalant way the recipes call for 16 cans of peas or 35 pounds of potatoes. But we get really worried when they use 30 pounds of onions, because at that rate the life of a man on K.P. (Kitchen Police, to you), who has to peel them, must be just one vale of tears!

But don't let the boys in the Army get ahead of you in matters nutritional. Our best nutritionists (they're the people who really know whether carrots make your hair curly or celery helps you grow tall) went over the Army Cookbook with a microscope so that our boys would get the food that will keep them healthiest. If you want to be a good match for an Army man, see that you do eat carrots, celery, and all the other foods that will help give you a clear skin and shiny eyes.

We're sure the Army nutrition experts would approve of this dish and that it would earn at least one stripe for its crispy attractiveness, another for its delicious flavor, and the top three for its use of liver. Liver is a meat that's plentiful, and it's most nutritious.

CRISPY LIVER STEAKS

- 1 pound liver, sliced
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cracker crumbs or cracker meal
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Use any kind of liver. Beat egg with rotary beater. Add lemon juice, water, and salt and beat again. Dip slices of liver first in cracker crumbs then in egg mixture. Dip again in cracker crumbs. Brown slowly on both sides in butter or margarine. Serves 4.

We found these crispy liver steaks awfully good when served with this Army Sauce. (Or heat cold leftover meat or fish in it.) It comes straight from the Office of the Quartermaster General.

ARMY CREOLE SAUCE

- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 1 cup tomato purée
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons chili sauce
- 10 or 12 olives, chopped

Brown the onions in butter or margarine. Add the tomato purée. (If you haven't any

canned tomato purée without spices, cook canned tomatoes very slowly, for about one hour, or until they are quite thick; then put through a sieve.) Add salt, chili sauce, olives and cook slowly for about 10 minutes. Serves 4. Use pimento-stuffed olives if they are available. As the Army recipe states in Army language, "They will materially enhance the flavor."

Helen Myers, of Washington, D. C., sent us a recipe that she says "cannot be beat." It certainly can't if you want a delicious main dish that's also a quickie. By the way, "squaw corn" is a real type of corn cultivated by the Indians. We looked it up in the dictionary!

SQUAW CORN

- 1 medium onion
- 1 green pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground beef
- 1 No. 2 can (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups) cream style corn
- 1 No. 2 can (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups) tomatoes, drained of juice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper

Mince the onion and green pepper. Cook slowly in butter until soft. Add ground beef and mash vigorously with a fork, as you cook it, over medium heat. In this way the meat will be separated or crumbled. If you have used a heavy large skillet or Dutch oven add the corn and tomatoes and seasoning. Mix thoroughly and cook just until mixture is very hot. If you use a small skillet to begin with, transfer ingredients to a larger saucepan and then add corn and tomatoes and seasoning. Serves 4 to 6. Recipe may be doubled.

Do your friends or family like something spicy? Then add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dried herbs (marjoram, savory, or basil or a combination of these) plus $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon allspice and a finely chopped garlic clove to the Squaw Corn after all the other ingredients are in. Then heat slowly.

And if your cooking audience likes something juicy do not drain the canned tomatoes, but add them, juice and all, to the other ingredients and serve in large soup bowls. Call it a North American special!

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 23)

of our times and to respect the reasons behind these customs. Defying sensible rules of conduct may be harmful to one's reputation and standing in a community. Of course, certain customs may be stodgy, or especially severe and rigid. But they can be discussed, either by girls' clubs, or in mixed groups, or with families, or with school or church or organization leaders—that is, with respected adults who really understand young people.

Every once in a while an old bugaboo of unpopularity turns up. Many girls fear that they will be forever unpopular if they refuse a few good-night kisses. They're afraid they'll never have any dates and will be forever left out of things. Well, in a case of a whole group like the girls mentioned above, if they really organized and got together and agreed that they'd stand pat for what they obviously believe is right—and even more fun—they'd find that the boys would soon appear on their doorsteps as often as ever. And they can remember that countless young women who were not obliged to give up their own standards have become happy wives and mothers. They might even discover that the boys themselves have perhaps been perplexed over what the girls expected of them!

One girl told us that "nowadays kissing doesn't mean any more than a good handshake." To which another replied, "Oh, be yourself. You know that's the bunk. That kind of thing is usually the 'go ahead' sign." Still another explained that "you don't want to wear your best dress every day. You want to save it for special occasions. Well, it's the same with kissing. Another thing," she added, "I'm still in high school and I expect to go to college. It will be a long time before I can get serious with a boy. So why not have fun and be a good pal and let the love-making wait?"

We want to make it quite clear to the girls who are writ-

ing us that we do not blame, scold, or condemn them for a few kisses. We understand their feelings and respect them for their honest questioning and their courage in facing their problem. If parents act fearful about kissing among young people, it is because they realize that these expressions of feeling may become overexciting, and that their daughters may come to be considered "cheap." At the same time, modern mothers and fathers do not take a scared-to-death attitude toward friendships between girls and boys, nor toward the natural, friendly signs of affection and good will among them. And they shouldn't, for this attraction for each other is perfectly right.

There's nothing "wrong" with kissing a boy. It all comes back to what a girl wants for herself. If she doesn't want to start thinking that she's been an easy mark, or to be even a little ashamed of herself after it's all over; if she wants to be able to look her mother in the eye without feeling that she's being dishonest through her behavior; if she's hoping to marry for love some happy day and wants to find the expressions of that love fresh and new and beautiful, she'll probably concentrate on all the natural fun she can have during her teen years, and leave the kissing until she is really ready for it.



Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin, girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that itchy, redness and angry look, it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 35 successful years. Only 50c, all drugists.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 2-K, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

POS-LAM



They're new. They're original. They're dreamed up by girls with ideas and imagination, and they're fun to make!

Inviting Cards—If you're planning a party, here's a fun way to send out invitations and arrange partners for the evening all in one neat trick. Take two old decks of playing cards. Paste your invitations on a slip of paper on the backs of the cards. Pick as many cards as you need from one deck and send them to the girls. Choose the same cards from the other deck and send them to the boys. Tell the guests to bring their invitations to the party. The boys and girls who receive identical cards will be partners for the evening. The sport of everyone trying to discover who holds the card which matches his or hers will start the party off with a grand slam!—*Betty Andreas, Clifton, N. J.*

Dickey Business—When you're making a cotton print skirt, why not cut out a dickey to match? You can get a pattern for one at nearly any dime store, and it doesn't take much cloth. Then when you are puzzled about what color blouse to wear, just slip the dickey on under a sweater and there you are with an ensemble. —*Theresa Sills, Port Huron, Mich.* If you find long-sleeved sweaters too hot under your jackets, just get out your knitting needles because a sweater dickey is the answer to your problem. Cast on the usual number of stitches for the front and knit straight up to the collar. Put a regular ribbed collar on it—extending it around the neck so you can snap it at the back. Attach an elastic to the sides and bring it around the back. If you have an old outgrown sweater, you can rip off the sleeves and back and proceed from there without any knitting.—*Elizabeth Black, Columbus, Wis.*

Spots of Color—How would you like to do some spatterprinting to help you while away rainy afternoons? Your gain will be beautiful stationery. Take ordinary white paper, any size you wish. Next you need some colored ink or dye. Dip an old toothbrush in the coloring (don't get it too wet) and by rubbing it over a wire strainer, spatter the paper evenly with dainty specks of color. You will find the paper looks like an expensive piece of flecked stationery. If you wish you can cut the letters of your name or initials from another piece of paper first and pin them across the top of the sheet. After you have spattered the sheet, remove the letters and your monogram or name will be in white.—*Jayne Dickson, Arlington, Mass.*

Modeling Tricks—Are you one of the girls who made a fall outfit out of your Army-brother's clothes? If so, you'll probably be interested in this easy way to add a touch of femininity in the form of some very smart buttons, to your new mannish suit. Mold some bright-colored sealing wax into any shape. Before the wax hardens, stick a pin through the back to make a hole. Sew the wax blobs in place of the regular buttons and you'll have a suit that suits.—*Dorothy Kolb, Mount Vernon, N. Y.*

**\$1 will be paid for each
Gadget for Girls published**

SEND as many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.



By **RUTH RICHARDSON**
Fourteen Years Old

FOR THIRTEEN YEARS our family had a goat. Dogs, rabbits, cats, guinea pigs, ducks, and alligators came and went, but not the goat. We got her when she and my brothers were quite young. I wasn't born. I imagine she was quite good looking in the prime of life, but all that I can remember well is a fat old goat with a ferocious temper and horns.

She was white with thick fur. Mother always said that she would hate for the goat to die but if it did, she wanted it to die in the winter. It was her one ambition, she said, to have a bearskin rug to hang on the basement wall.

The goat went the rounds of being owned by each of my brothers in turn, each one being anxious to own her. When they had her they were more anxious to get rid of her.

I imagine she was quite sweet-natured inside, but she made my life a misery. Toward the end of her life we let her graze where she pleased and wander all over. I could never walk out of the house without fear of being butted right back in again.

She had many names, some of which stuck for as long as two days; others did not last that long. Most of the time we called her "The Goat" or "The Billy Goat," which was not correct as it was a nanny goat.

One day she got sick. The next night she died. It was winter, but we decided there was too much sentimental value so we didn't skin her. We buried her the following night. We are still considering the possibility of digging up the horns. This last I object to. I saw too much of them while the goat was alive.

How to Suit Yourself

By NANCY PEPPER

Fashion Editor



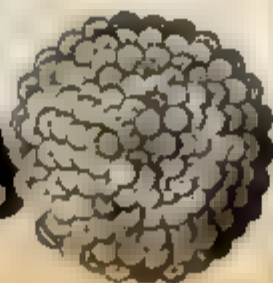
FOR SCHOOL—One of the new American Regional plaid ginghams with white pique for contrast. Size 13 takes 3 yards of 39" fabric, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35" fabric. Only $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of the contrasting fabric required.

FOR DATES—Smooth flannel-like blend, dressed up with buttons. See suitable La Mode buttons at right. Top to bottom: gilt plastics, plastic with rhinestones, wood, sequins. Size 13 takes $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39" fabric; $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35" fabric.

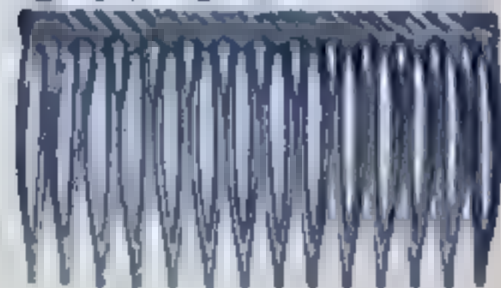
EVERY girl who makes her own clothes can be her own designer. Of course, she uses a pattern, but the choice of fabric, color and trimming depends upon her own taste and type. Here, for instance, are two versions of the same pattern, made up by two high school age pupils of the R. H. Macy Dressmaking Centre, New York. See how each girl went her own designing way with radically different and equally smart results.



Advance Pattern No. 3172. Junior size⁹ 9 to 17. Cost 25c. May be obtained from your local dealer or by sending cash to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. State pattern number and size when ordering.



GLAMOUR ON COMBS



It's such fun to make these cute coiffure tricks from odds and ends of fabric and trimmings, mounted on Grip Tuth combs. You'll want to wear them with formal and informal date clothes. They make darling gifts for your friends.

Crocheted butterfly, sprinkled with sequins, mounted on a comb



Wool jersey hood, bordered with net. Held to your curls in front with a comb.

Coquettish pin-wheel of black horsehair, velvet trimmed centered, with a comb.



Petals of net, mounted on a comb, for coiffure à la George Washington.



The crown of an old felt hat, ruffled with net. Held by combs back and front.

Write in for your free "Glamour on Combs" instructions. Send stamped, addressed envelope to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



\$50.00 In War Savings for FASHION DESIGNS

DESIGN a cotton dress, using Betty Barclay's favorite dirndl silhouette. Just draw the outline and sketch in your original ideas for color, trimming, and detail. Describe or send a sample of the cotton fabric in which your design should be made up. Winners will be selected for style, originality, smart fabric selection, neatness, and many entries as you like, but all entries become property of CALLING ALL GIRLS and cannot be returned. Write your name, address, and age plainly on each. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE RECEIVED NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 1, 1943. Address—Design Contest, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

1st PRIZE—\$35 WAR BOND
plus your prize-winning design
made up in your size!
2nd PRIZE—\$15 in WAR STAMPS
3rd PRIZE—\$10 in WAR STAMPS

1—Betty Barclay models one of her own dresses, a striped cotton with appliquéd butterflies. She looks like a school-girl in it, about \$4.

2—Still plenty of fullness in the dirndl skirt you girls love. Betty Barclay demonstrates, while fourteen-year-old Joan Crozier models. The dress is of flowered chintz with eyelet embroidery, about \$4.

3—Because you crave color, Betty gives you pastel-plaid Sanforized gingham in a lace-trimmed darling about \$6, modeled by pretty fourteen-year-old Betty Cornell.

She knows what you want!

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

MEET Betty Barclay, twenty-two-year-old designer of the adorable cotton dresses that are named after her. And—meet three of her new spring dresses designed with YOU in mind. Says Betty, "I know what high schoolers like because, as ex-president of a Philadelphia high school sorority, I still attend meetings and regularly discuss fashions with the girls." All three of the dresses here feature the silhouette that Betty finds becoming to most girls—fitted, snug-waisted bodice with shirred dirndl skirt. It's amazing to see how Betty varies this one basic style. She modestly says that "anyone can do it" and, to prove it, she invites you to enter this CALLING ALL GIRLS dress design contest. Read all the details on this page. We'll be looking for your entries!

Betty Barclay cotton frocks, sizes 9 to 15, at Stern Brothers, New York. For store in your city, write Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Don't You **LOVE** Jumpers?

OF course you do—because they're so smooth and becoming and because they keep fresh with a change of blouse. These advance spring versions are in teen 10 to 16 sizes. If you want to know where to buy them, send three cent stamp to Nancy Pepper, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- 1—Piqué jumper, rickrack trimmed, with eyelet-embroidered blouse, about \$6.
- 2—Drawstring jumper by Derby. Rayon mixture, about \$4. Wear drawstring blouse, too.
- 3—Cotton chambray pinafore jumper with piqué blouse, about \$5. Sizes 7-14, about \$4.
- 4—Pleated rayon flannel jumper, about \$8. Latin-American print blouse, about \$3.



Heady Stuff



It looks like a cross between a hat and a wig. Braid it or wear it straight in a long "bob."

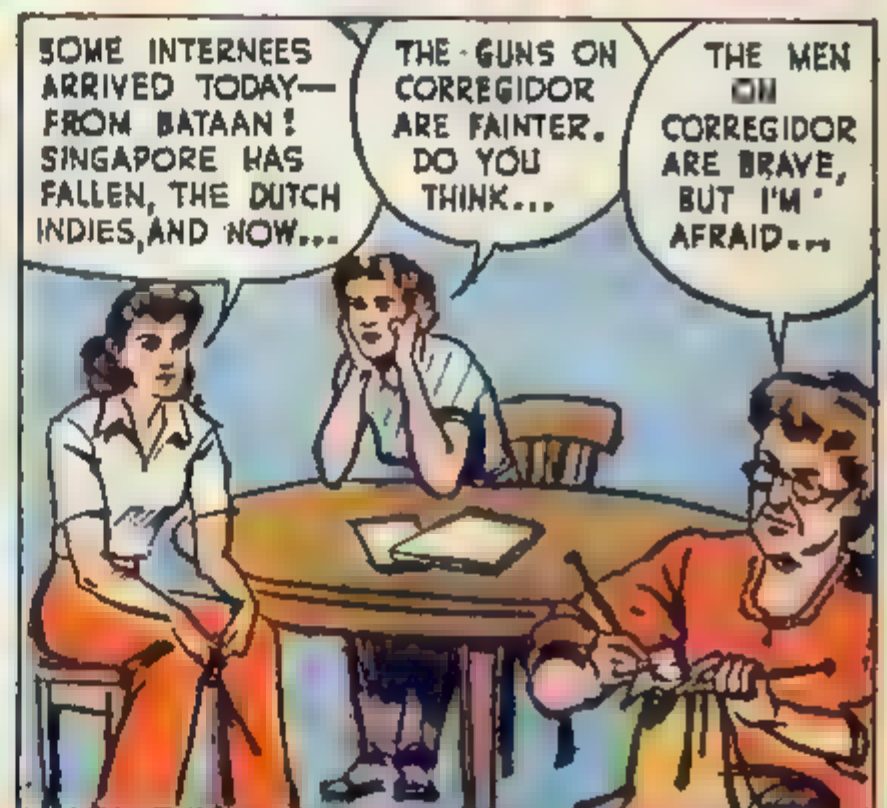
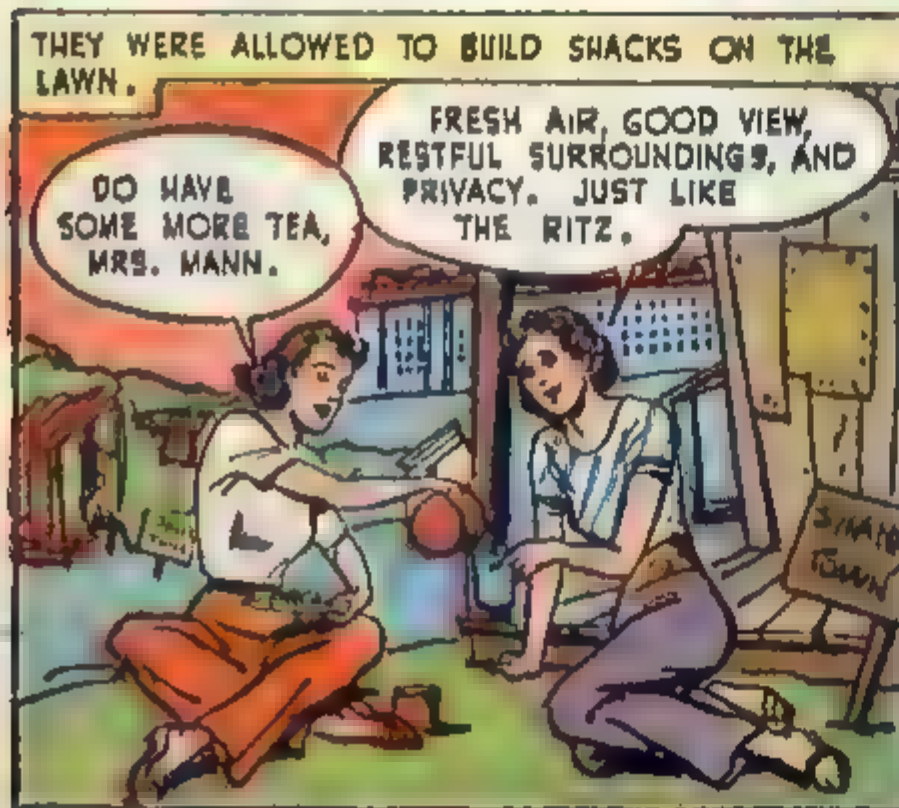


Pretty smart idea—using bull fringe (the kind that trims curtains) on a crocheted beanie.



Odd buttons from Mother's button box are a grand tassel trim for a part crocheted beanie.

Crochet these cute tricks for yourself. 'S'easy! Send a stamped, addressed envelope for free instruction sheets. Address Nancy Pepper, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.



AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF INTERNMENT...

THE COMMANDANT WANTS TO SEE YOU. YOU HAVEN'T BROKEN ANY RULES, HAVE YOU?

I HOPE NOT!



YOU WILL LEAVE FOR SHANGHAI IN THE MORNING. IF YOU SPEAK OF THIS TO ANYONE, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED.

FIRST PLEASE LET ME GET THE REST OF MY CLOTHES AT THE HOTEL.



ARE YOU IN TROUBLE? I'LL CARRY YOUR BAGS.

SH-H-H. I CAN'T TALK NOW. SEE YOU LATER.

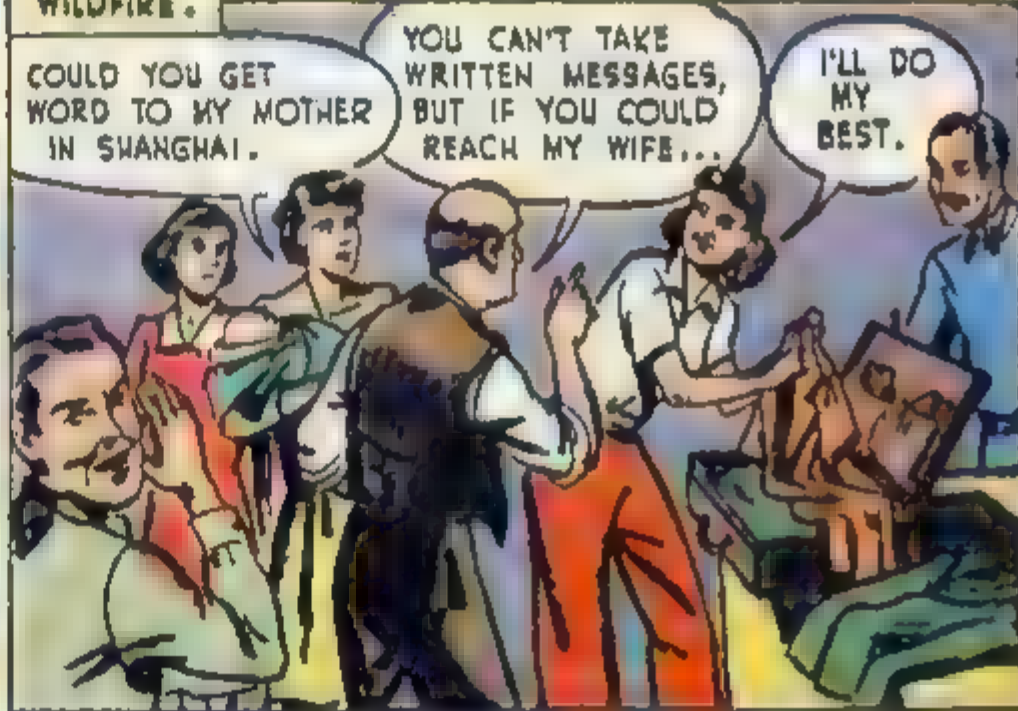


THE NEWS THAT FRANCES WAS LEAVING SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE.

COULD YOU GET WORD TO MY MOTHER IN SHANGHAI.

YOU CAN'T TAKE WRITTEN MESSAGES, BUT IF YOU COULD REACH MY WIFE...

I'LL DO MY BEST.



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

GOODBYE, JESSIE. I HATE TO LEAVE YOU HERE.

GOOD LUCK, FRANCES. I HOPE YOU CAN GET TO AMERICA.

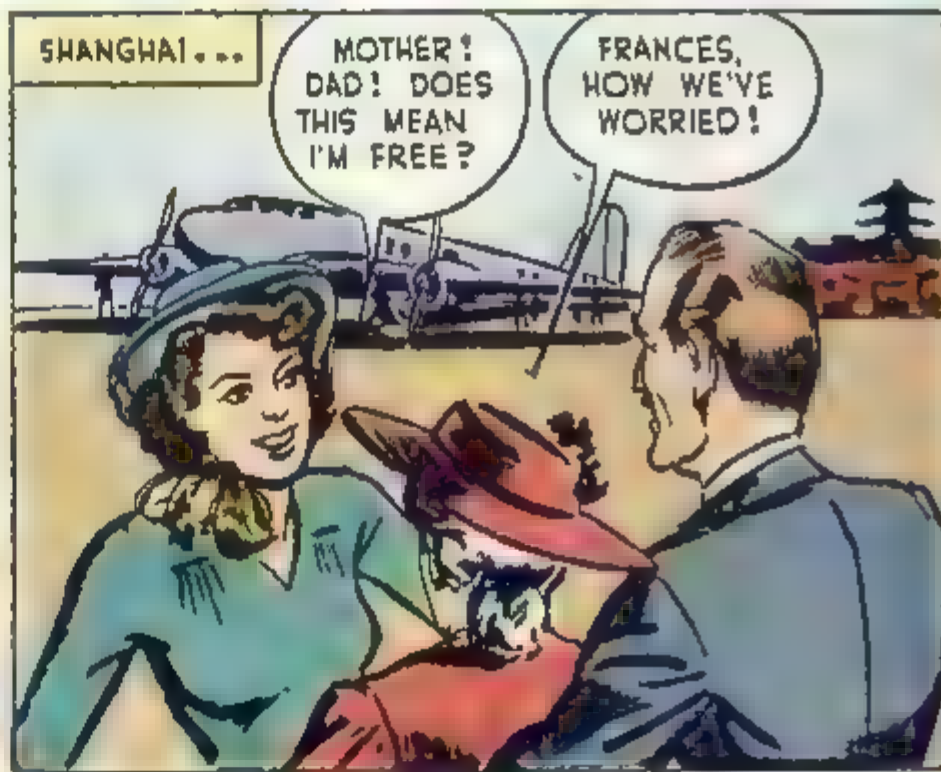
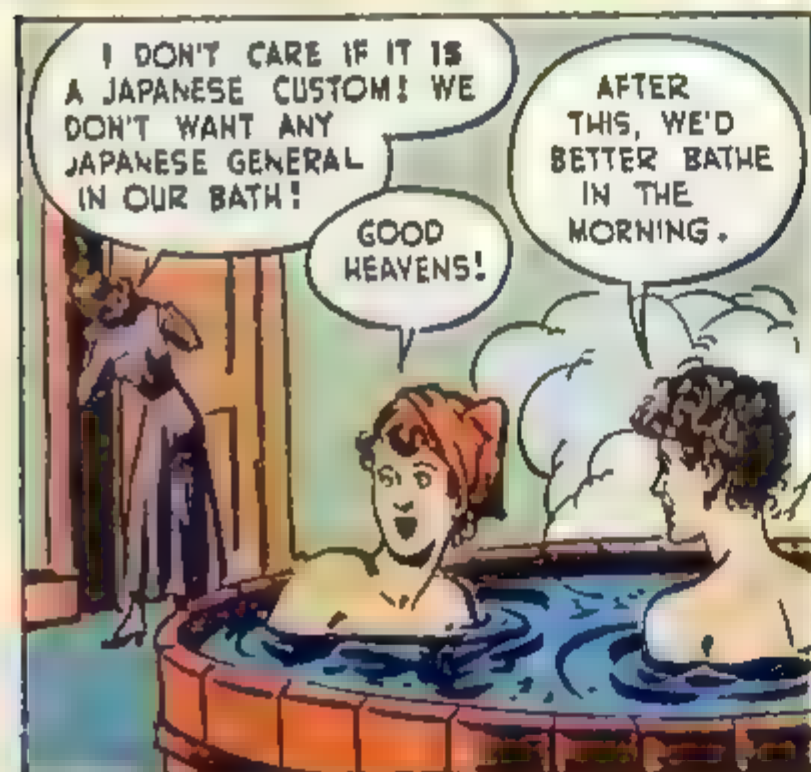
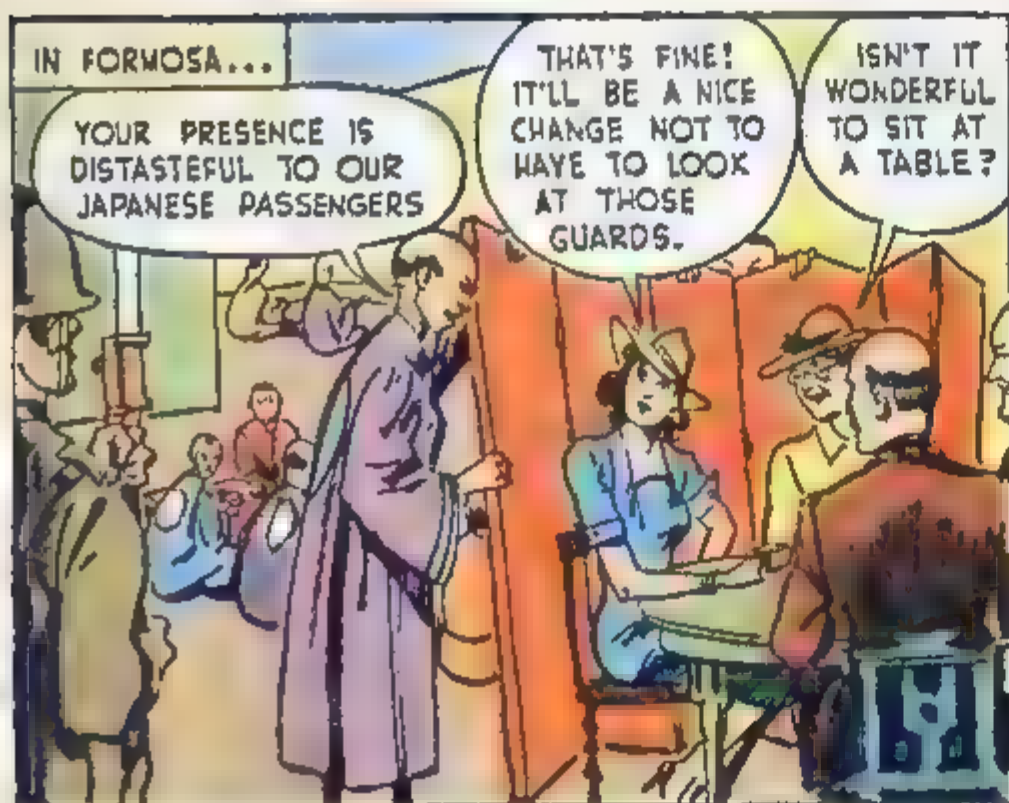


YOU ARE NOT TO LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOWS OR AT THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS BELOW.

WE'RE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HERE.

ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN SANTO TOMÁS.





HALF THE STEEL IN A TANK

(Continued from page 18)

"He'd been pleased to hear his own language."

"If we stand here much longer we're going to be soaked," Lyn pointed out. The bright sky had darkened and a storm was threatening. "My uncle has a summer shack on the next ridge. Nobody's there now. Let's ride over and eat lunch on his porch."

"I think I'll go on home," Paul straightened his bike.

"Don't do that." Bob made it an invitation not to be refused. "We want to talk to you."

Paul looked around at the unsmiling faces, and his black eyes narrowed in his stiff face. Lyn thought he was going to decline, but instead he gave his shrug. "All right."

It was a silent party that braked their wheels at Larry Kruse's cabin. Lyn waved them onto the porch. It was dark under the low roof, with the storm closing round, so no one noticed that the door was ajar.

Paul squared off opposite the others, his hands stiff at his sides. "What do you want?"

Clearly he expected an attack, which he was prepared to resist fiercely. Lyn thought, "He's expecting something—something he's afraid of." Her palms began to prickle.

"Why did you resign from the salvage committee, Paul?"

The answer was sharp. "It's a waste of time."

"Then why are you 'wasting your time' here now?" Bob's tone could be menacing, too.

"I thought that if the man was a foreigner—like myself—I might be more persuasive than you."

Bob went on "Were you listening to a Nazi short-wave station the other night in Unger's restaurant?"

Paul started. Plainly this line bore the danger sign. He muttered, "That is not illegal."

"No. This is not Germany. But why . . . ?"

But Paul cut him off, taking a quick stride toward the door. "I don't care to be cross-examined by you. Good-bye."

Instantly Ted and Shorty caught his arms. They dragged him back and pushed him into a chair in one corner. In the struggle his shirt was torn.

"What goes on here?"

The voice from the doorway startled them all. "Hi, Uncle Larry," Lyn cried. "We didn't know you were here."

"Is this the young man from Ostend?"

"Yes, sir." Bob stood up. "We thought he tried to double-cross us today and we wanted to ask him some questions."

"I can give you some of the information you want. The Refugee Office knows all about Paul Julian and his family."

Paul's head jerked, and he slumped in his chair. Paying him no attention, Kruse began.

"Paul was in school in Liège when the Nazis blitzed that city. His mother, one of the most famous actresses in Europe, was playing in Brussels. She managed to get to the school and found her son, with sixteen other boys, trapped in the blaze."

"When they got them out, the boys still alive said Paul had kept up their nerve and saved them from suffocation. Liège was in ruins, the hospitals jammed. The Nazis had taken the city."

"By promising herself as a hostage, Mme. Julian was allowed to send her injured son to friends at Ostend. Later she learned that her husband, a former officer, was leading the underground anti-Nazi organization, so she had Paul smuggled to England, and then brought here. For she knew that, since Nazis take out their fury on the families of men who resist them, Paul's life was not safe in Europe."

"But his mother . . ." Lyn could hardly breathe.

"She's in a concentration camp now." Larry Kruse took his pipe out of his shirt pocket and poked at it. There was no sound in the dim porch but the pounding of the rain on the roof and a short, wrenched sob.

Kruse got the pipe lighted and looked around at them. "So I don't think Paul Julian has any Nazi sympathies."

Lyn half whispered, "But the broadcasts . . ."

Paul lifted his head slowly. "It is the only means by which I could hear any news of my father. If he should be caught the Nazis would boast of it."

"And didn't you know the Ungers, as Germans, might be suspect?" Kruse asked gently.

"The Ungers are sincere Social Democrats," he spoke warmly. "They fought the Nazis, and members of the family in Germany have been imprisoned. Mr. Unger gave me a big load of scrap metal for salvage and we exchanged sorrows at the fate of our countries. So you see why I wanted to go to the Unger farm with you. If I could make him understand, he would help."

The rain had stopped. A break in the clouds sent a streak of light into the murky porch and Paul's thin face shone, radiant with sincerity. Bob gripped his hand.

"We're sorry—about our suspicions."

Paul's quick nod was an apology, too. "I know. When you begin to doubt people, you can always find fuel for the fire. I found many instances of your indifference and sporting view of this work. To me it was a way in which I could fight with my people. I see now that to you it is a real fight, too."

Lyn felt a twinge. Sometimes she had been rather a slack soldier. But from now on, it would be different. She looked up, and saw the eyes around her as bright as her own.

"I think this gang is about to hang up a salvage record." Larry Kruse grinned.

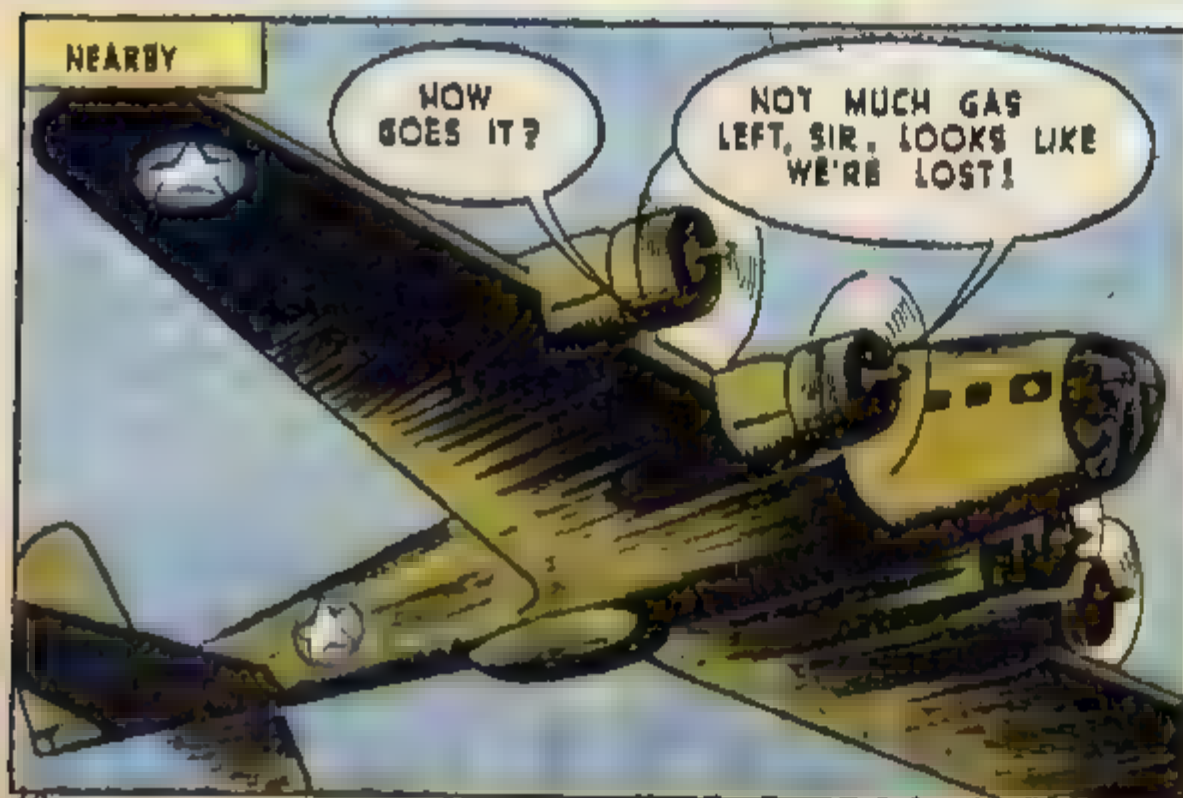
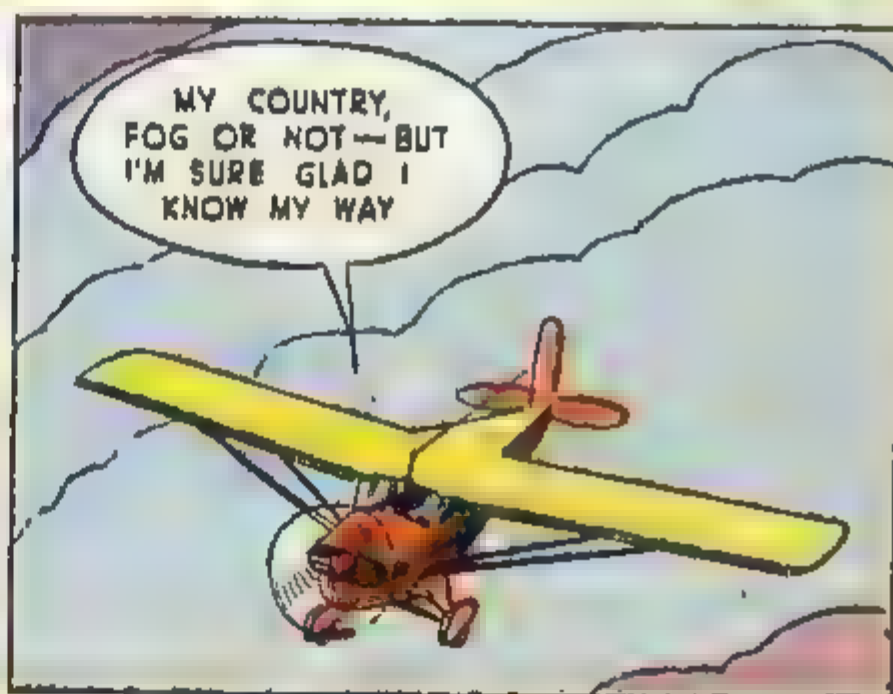
Bob was on his feet. "I'll say. Paul, you're detailed to bring in Mr. Unger's scrap. Is that a big enough job?"

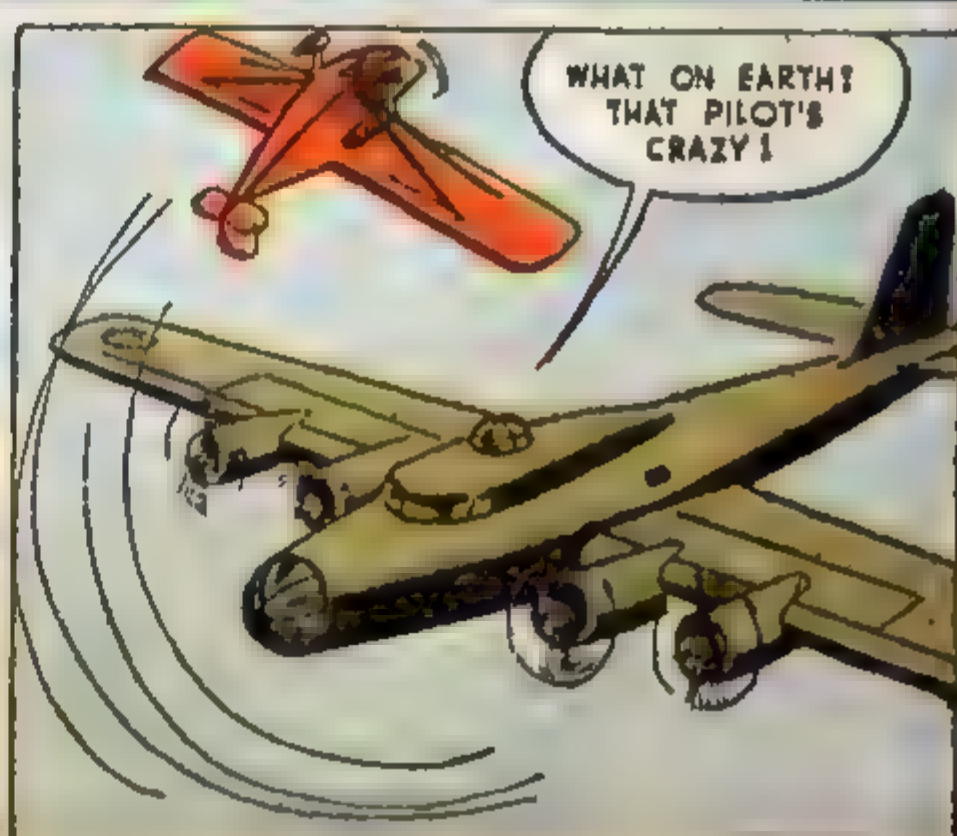
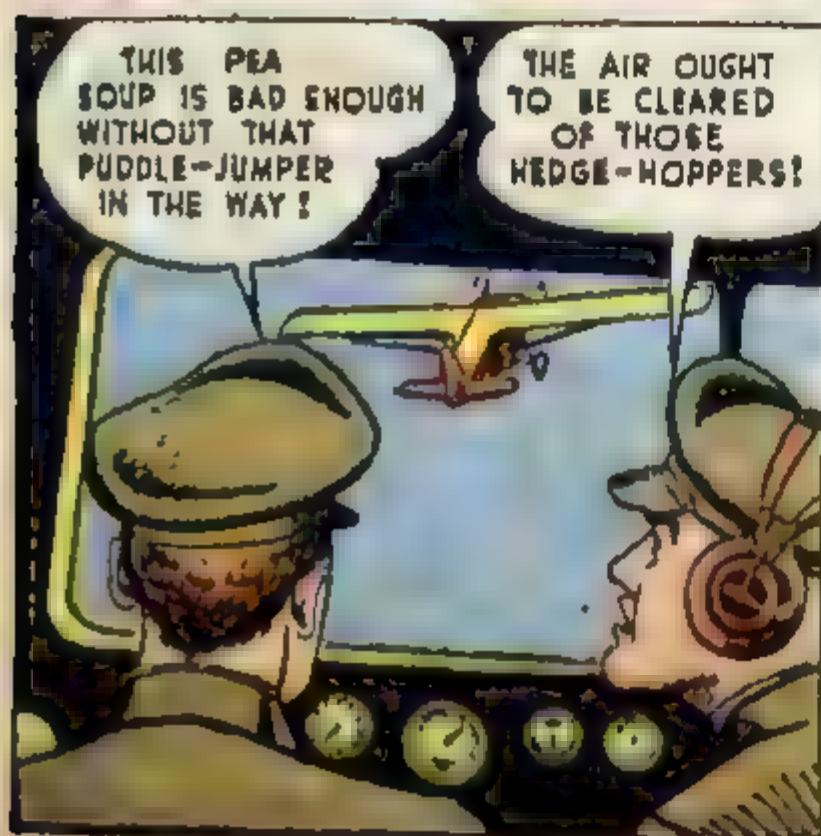
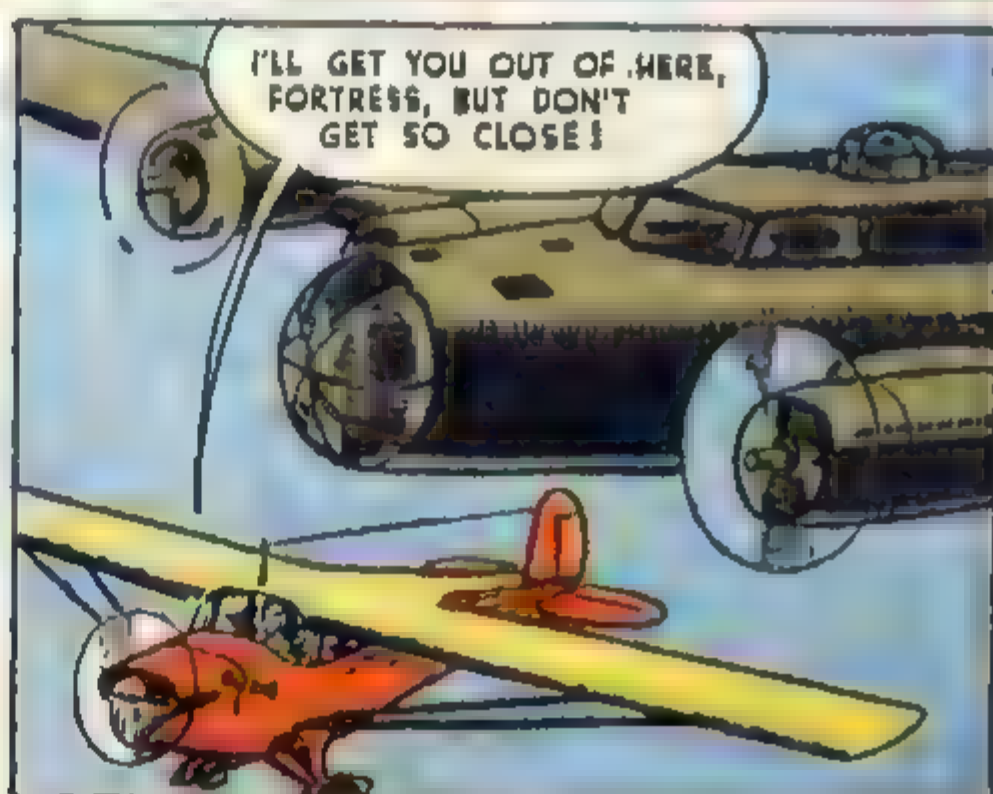
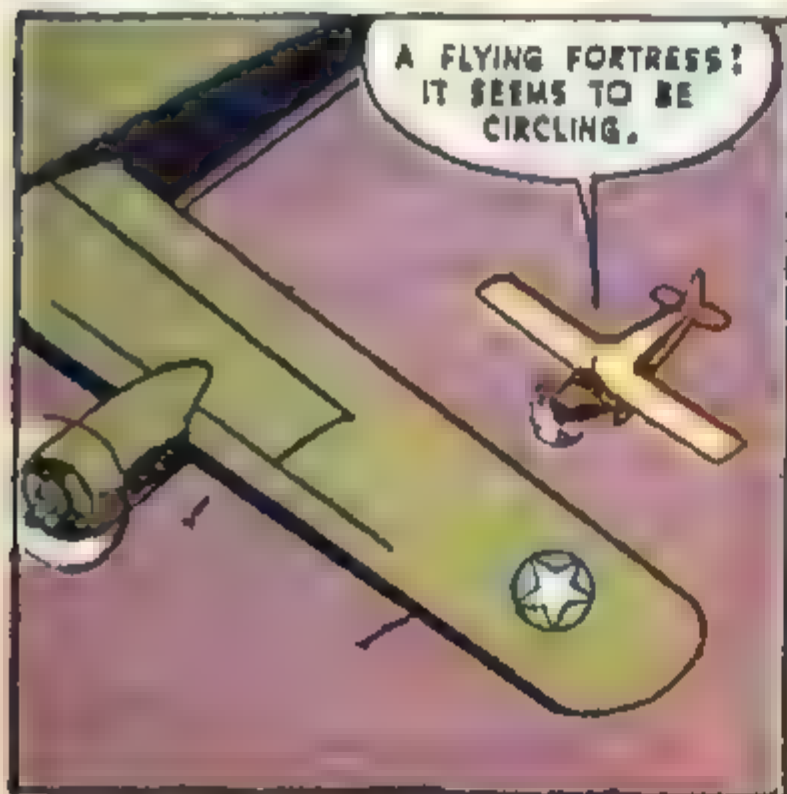
"Yes, sir!" Paul's face wore a real two-sided smile now. Don't worry. "I'll get it. Half the steel for an American tank."

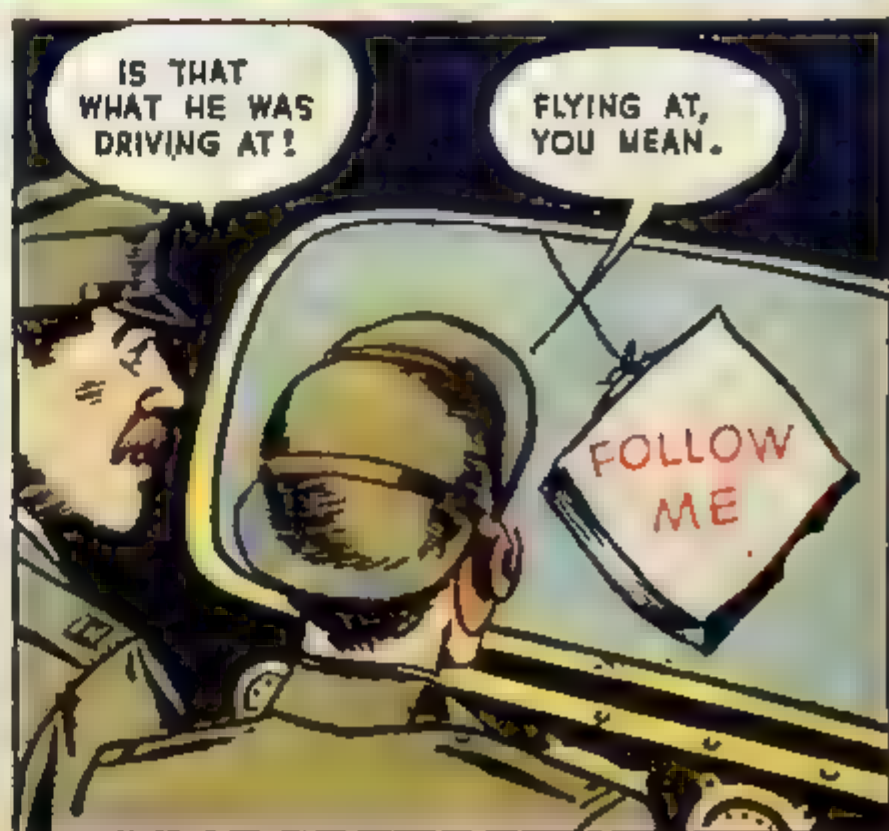
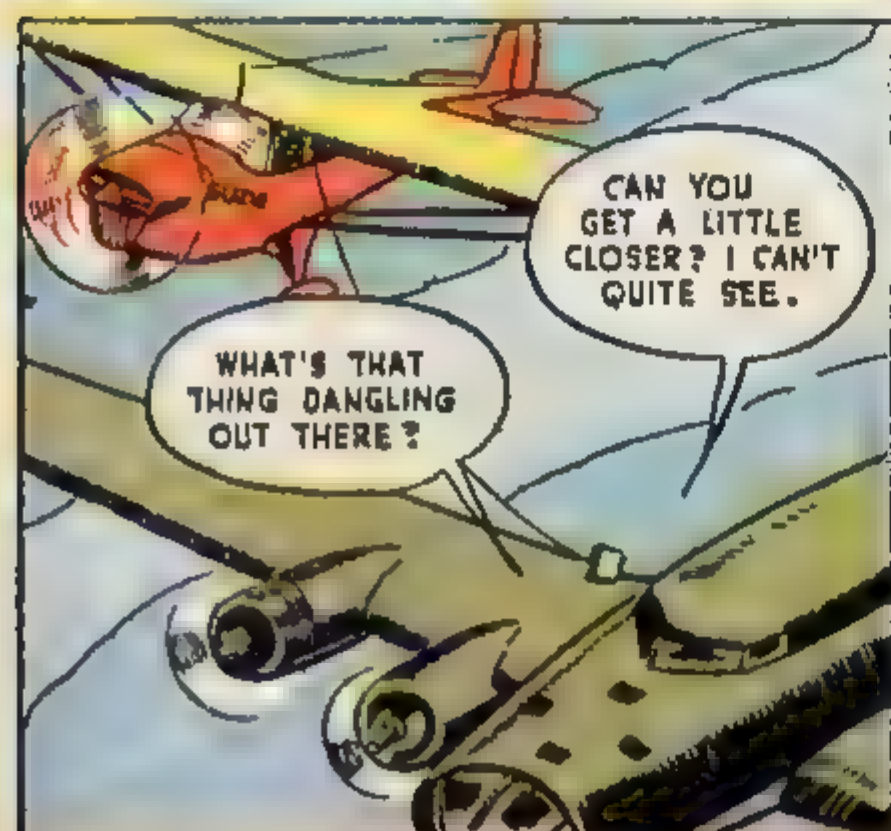
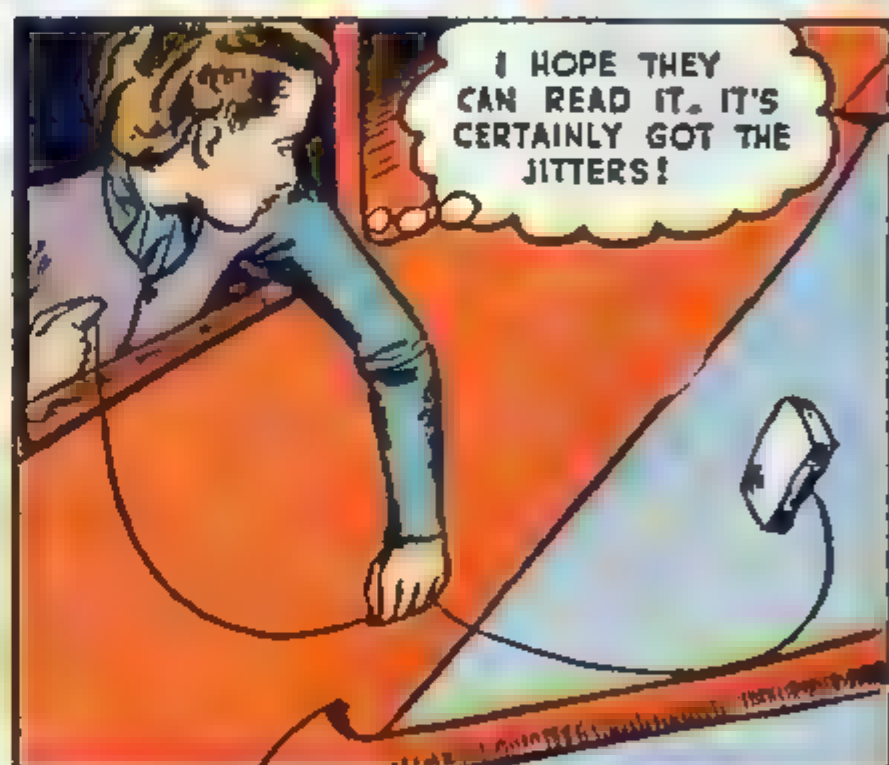


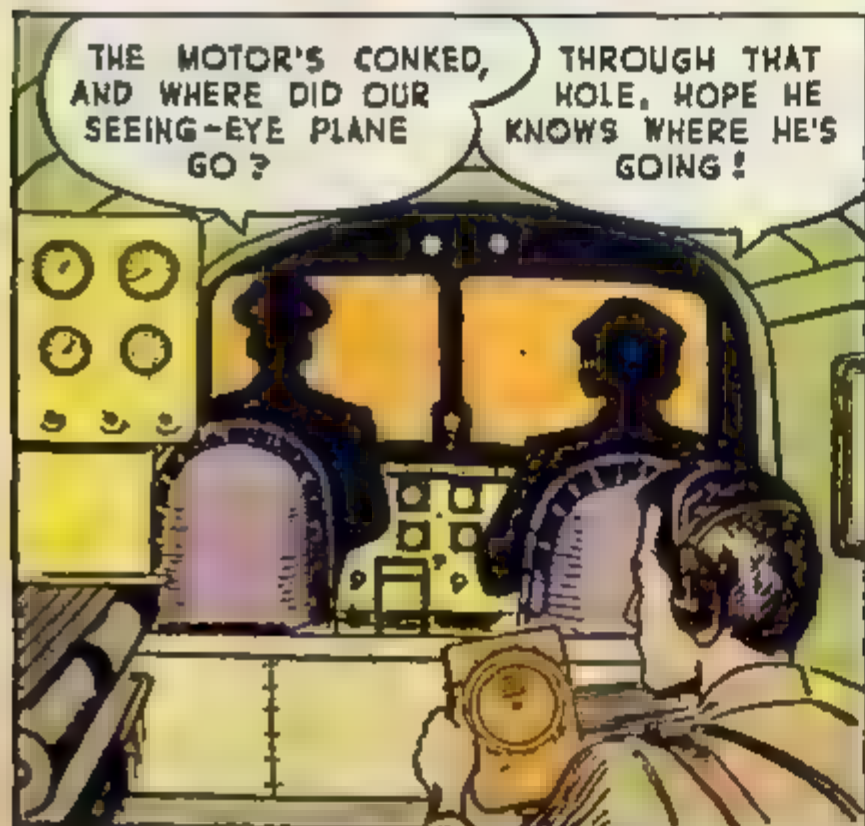
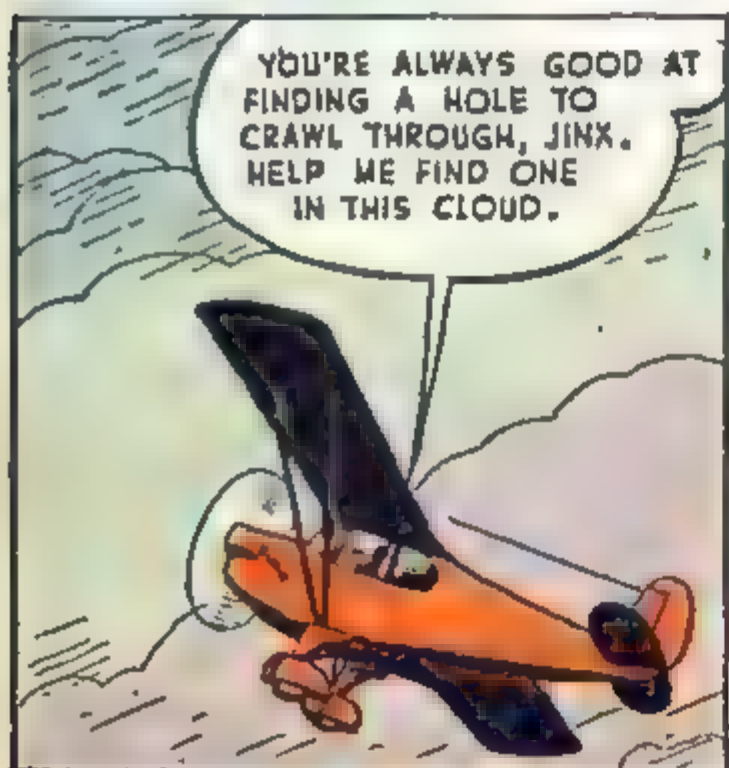
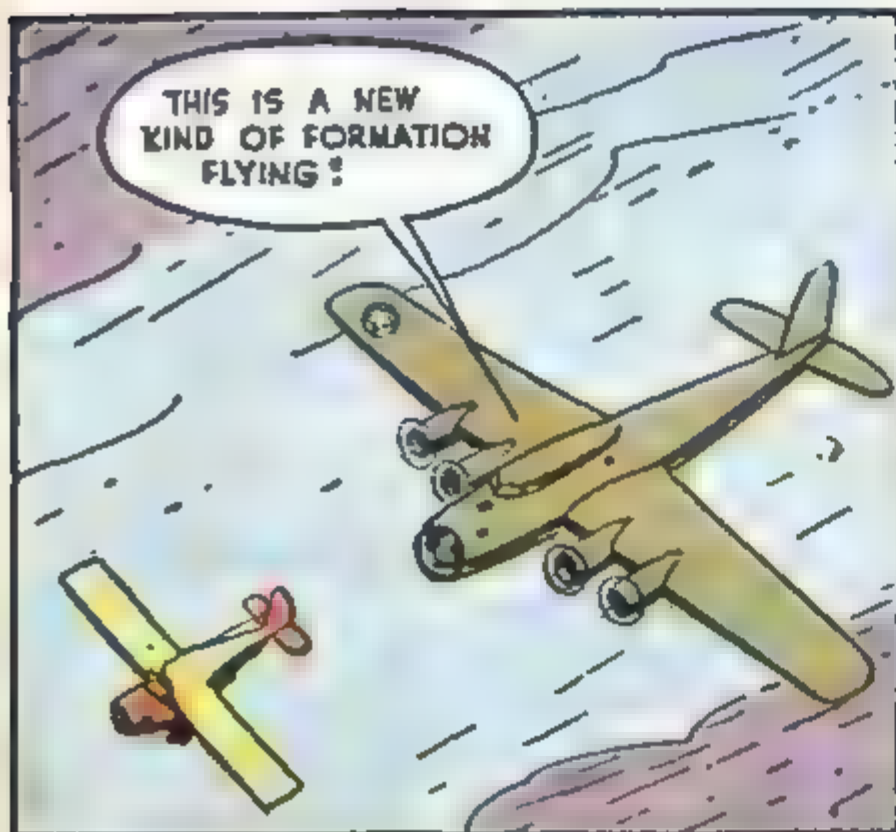
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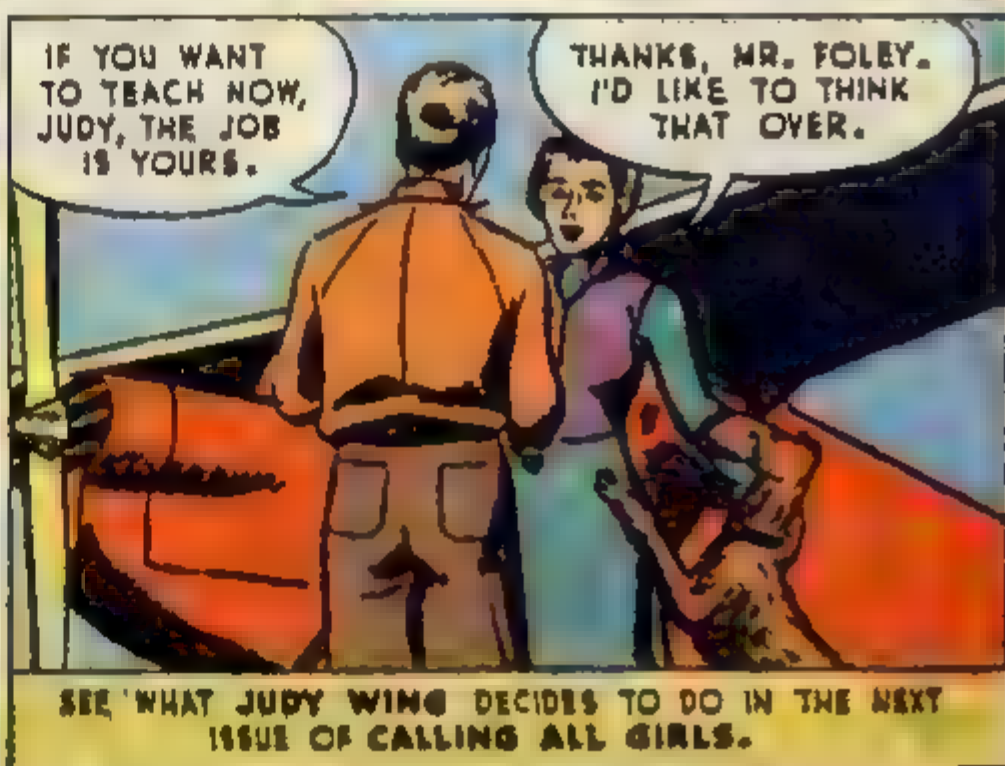
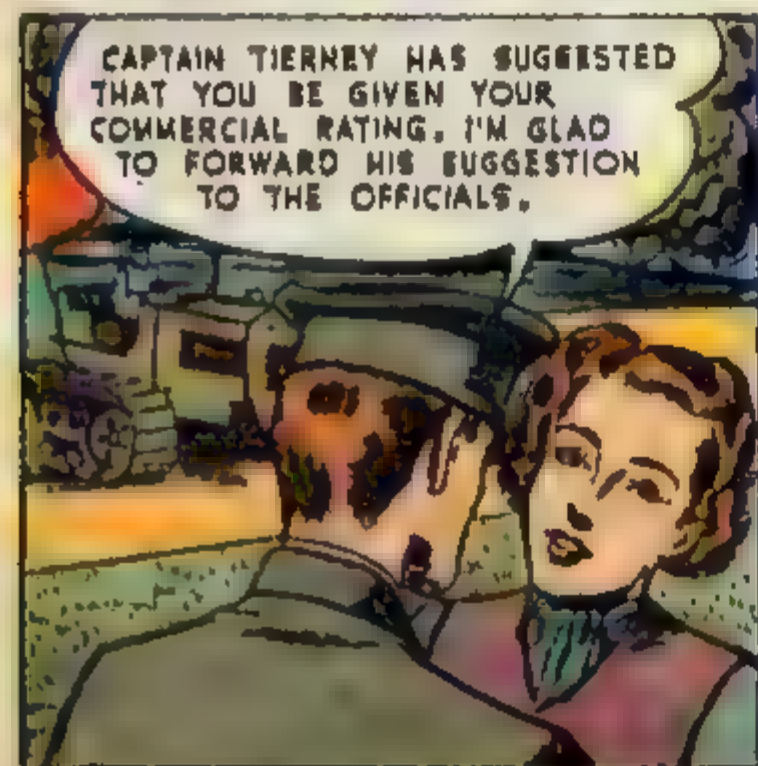
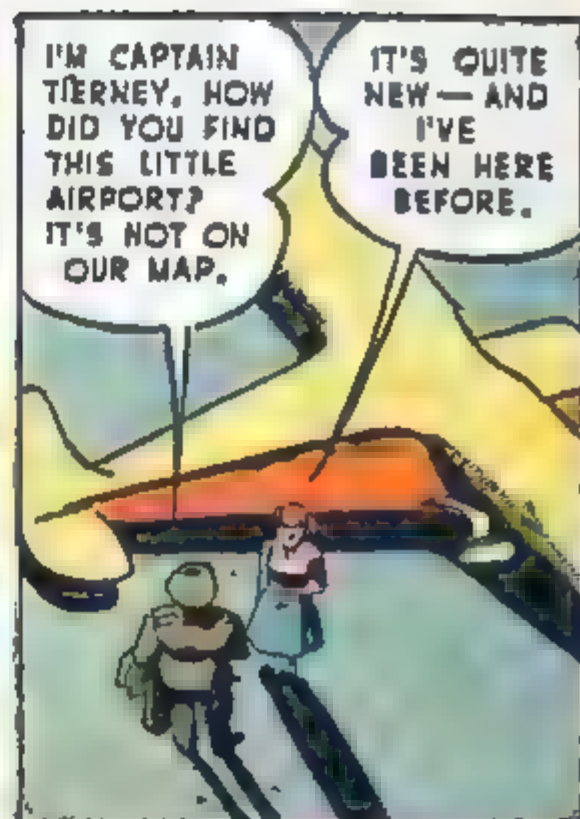
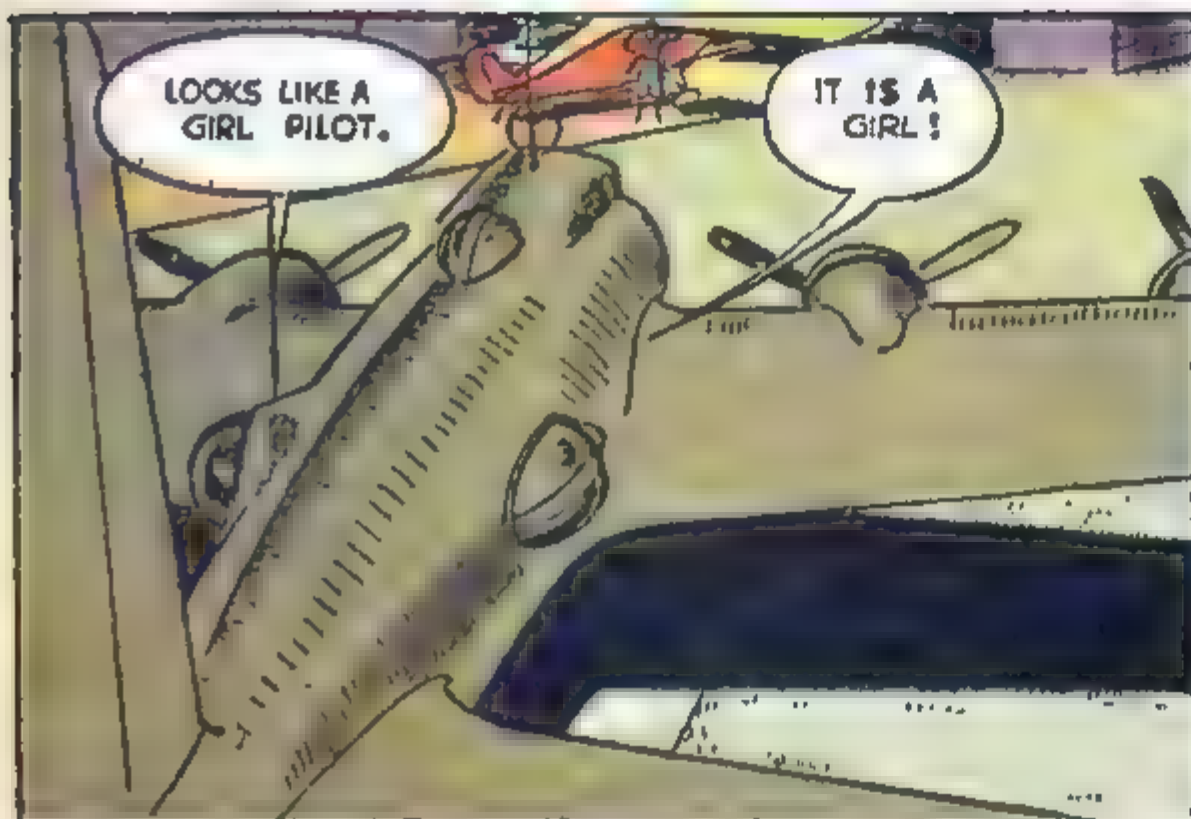
SHE LEADS THE WAY











THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

(Continued from page 29)

ly surprised at Pam's question. Aunt Annie, she learned, had taken the key away with her.

As she let herself into the self-service elevator, that line from The Rubaiyat kept running through her head. Maybe there was something in Persian mysticism at that. Maybe the lost book did have a message for her.

Pam almost knocked Sue over when she burst into the apartment. She had been pressing her face against the other side of the door and sobbing.

"Sue, for heaven's sake!" Pam exclaimed. "Now what's the matter?"

"It's B-bob," Sue explained between sobs. She dabbed at her eyes with a dripping handkerchief and added, "He's b-been here."

"That's no tragedy." Pam was honestly puzzled. "I suppose you told him about the scare."

Sue sobbed still harder.

"Ye-es, but some other girl told him f-first. He didn't believe me! We—we quarreled," she admitted. "He only came up—to see—the phonograph!" And her sentence ended in a wail that sounded for all the world like a squeaky record. Pam didn't mean to be cruel, but she couldn't help laughing.

"What's so funny?" Sue demanded. "I suppose you don't care if we quarreled and I can't go to the party!"

It was odd how quickly Sue could control her sobs when she was angry.

"Of course I care, but it will be all right," Pam reassured her. She felt so sure she would soon have the whole thing solved. "We'll just show Bob the phonograph and see if that will convince him."

"Oh, Pam! You've found it?" cried Shirley, rushing in and slamming her roller skates down in a corner. Marty tagged behind with her jumping rope dragging along the floor.

"Well, no," Pam admitted, "but I have an idea where it might be. The trouble is Aunt

Annie took the key away with her so I can't look. I talked it over with Billy and he suggests that I write to Dad. He must have Aunt Annie's address and he can write to us and we can write to her..."

"You'll not tell Dad anything!" Sue interrupted hotly. "I guess I have something to say about what you write to him when I'm in charge of the stamp money. You can't send your letter without a stamp and you've spent your allowance!"

Pam turned angrily. "Well,

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THEATRE

Vicky Grant was no selfish,
but she had to prove it.

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Stagecoach? You can take the lead
in forming your own theater group.

GENERAL IN CRINOLINE

She was a southern belle, but she led
the Union Army in the Civil War.

And lots and lots more grand
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of all things!" she said. "I thought this was America. I thought people had freedom of speech. But if you want to be a dictator and start censoring things..."

"That," declared Sue, all the more firmly because she could see no way out of the book situation, "might not be a bad idea. I can't have you complaining to Dad and making him come home sooner than he planned. Why, that woman may even forbid our going to the music club party!"

"She never would!" Pam declared. "You just exaggerate things in your own mind. Even if she is as terrible as Mrs. Harper says, Dad wouldn't let her boss us around like children. He wouldn't let you either if he knew it, and I guess

I can write and tell him about it if I want to!"

"And I guess I can withhold the stamps if I don't approve of what you have written!"

"Okay, Sue," she said meekly. "I've changed my mind. I'll squeeze some lemons and wash my hair instead."

"She rinses it in lemon juice to keep it light," Shirley confided to Marty.

Right after the girls had finished making their own supper Pam squeezed some lemons and, while her sisters watched, she gave her hair a thorough scrubbing. She put only a few drops of lemon juice in the last rinse. Saving the rest, she wrapped a towel around her head and dashed into her father's study.

"I'm going to write my letter now while the spirit moves me," she said just before she closed the door.

Sue sank into a chair. Why couldn't everybody just leave her alone?

"Better get at your homework," she said to the girls.

In a few minutes Marty looked up from her book.

"Listen!" she said. "The music. It's coming from the study in there where Pam went to write her letter. Remember she said 'spirits'!"

Sue listened. There could be no doubt about it. She could hear a scratchy record grinding out a melancholy old song. But where was the phonograph? Could it be in the study? And if so, was Pam playing it? Determined to find out, Sue rapped sharply on the door.

"Pam!" she called. "Pam!" But there was no answer.

In sudden panic, Sue threw open the door. Pam's chair was empty. Her letter lay half finished on the desk.

"When people start disappearing," Shirley announced in a voice loud enough to be heard in the next apartment, "it's about time somebody did something about it."

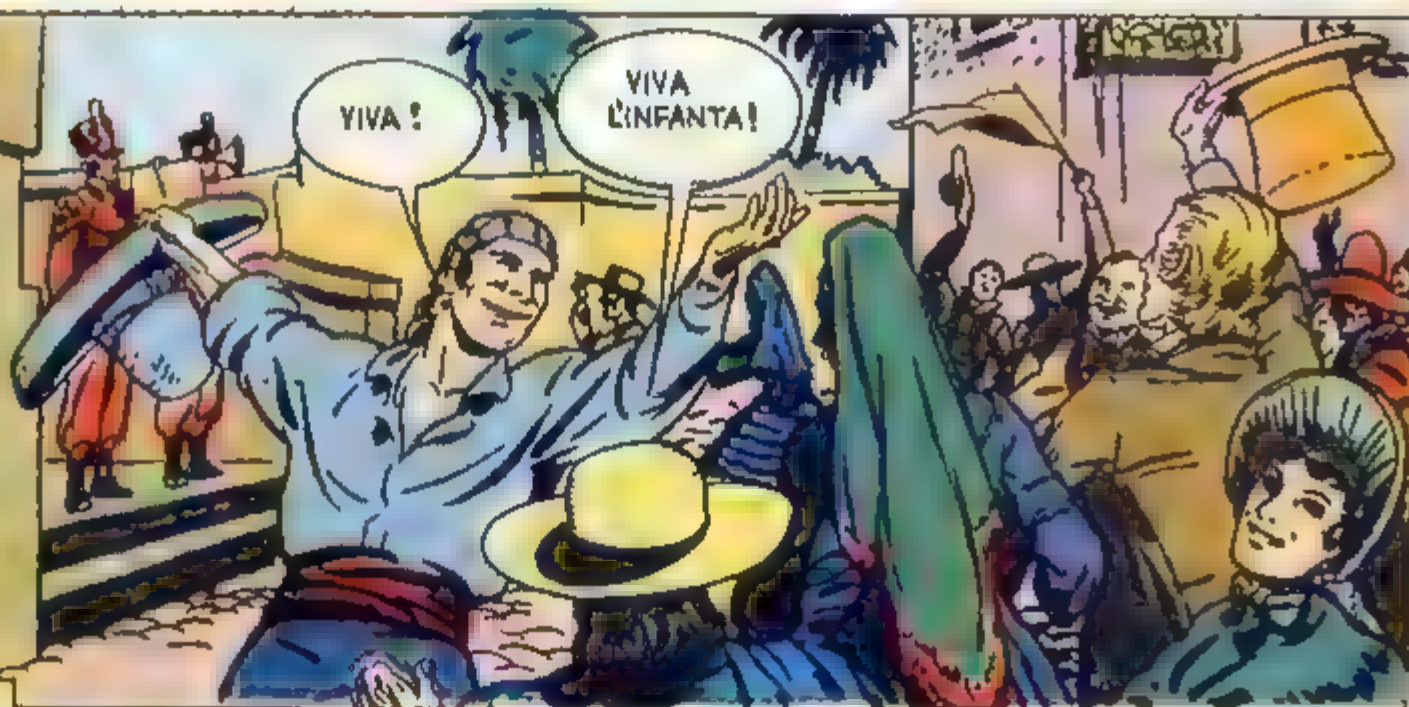
(To be continued next month)

FREEDOM'S PRINCESS

THE TRUE STORY OF
BRAZILIAN PRINCESS, IZABEL,
WHO GAVE HER CROWN FOR
THE FREEDOM OF THE
SLAVES 1846-1921



JULY 29, 1846--
BRAZIL
REJOICED IN THE
BIRTH OF
IZABEL, THE
SECOND CHILD
OF EMPRESS
DONA THERESA
AND EMPEROR
DOM PEDRO II.



A YEAR LATER...

ALFONGO, FIRST-
BORN OF THE EMPEROR,
DIED THIS MORNING.

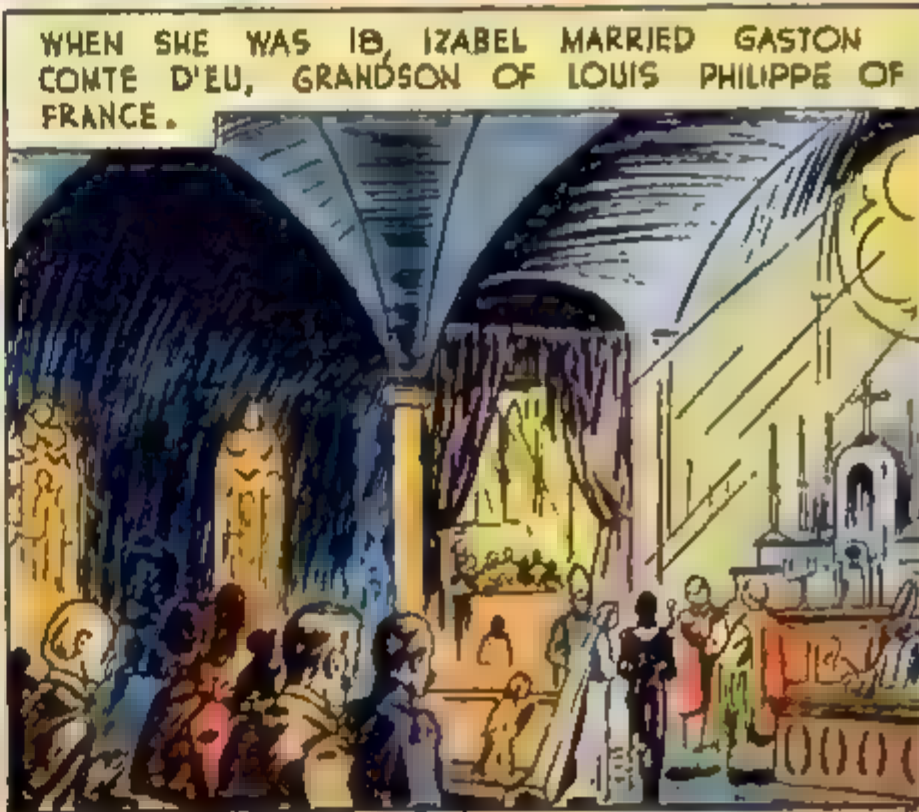
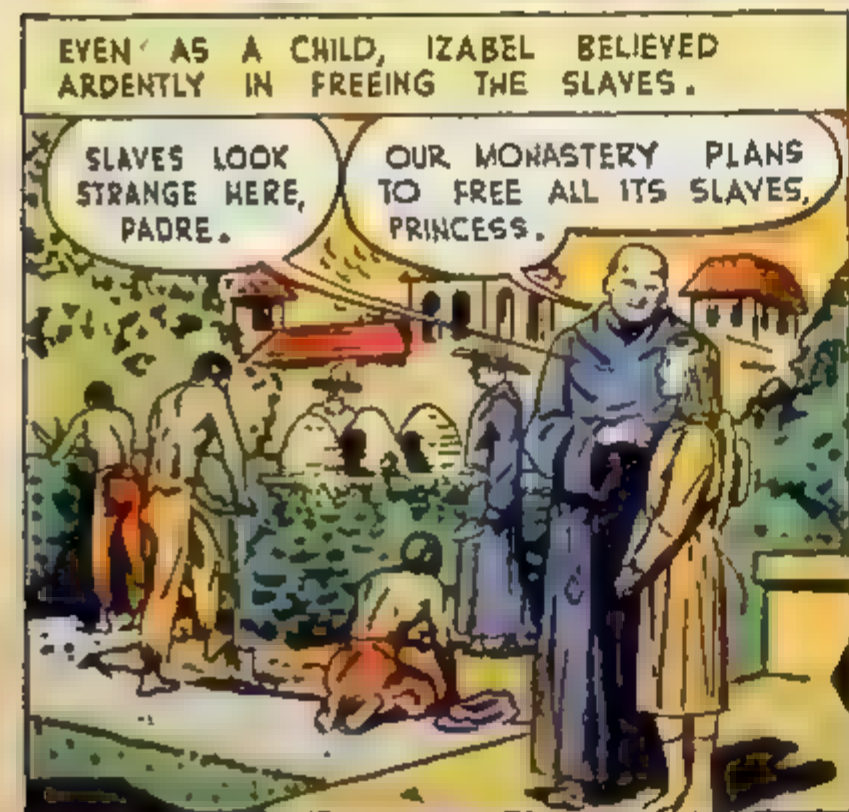
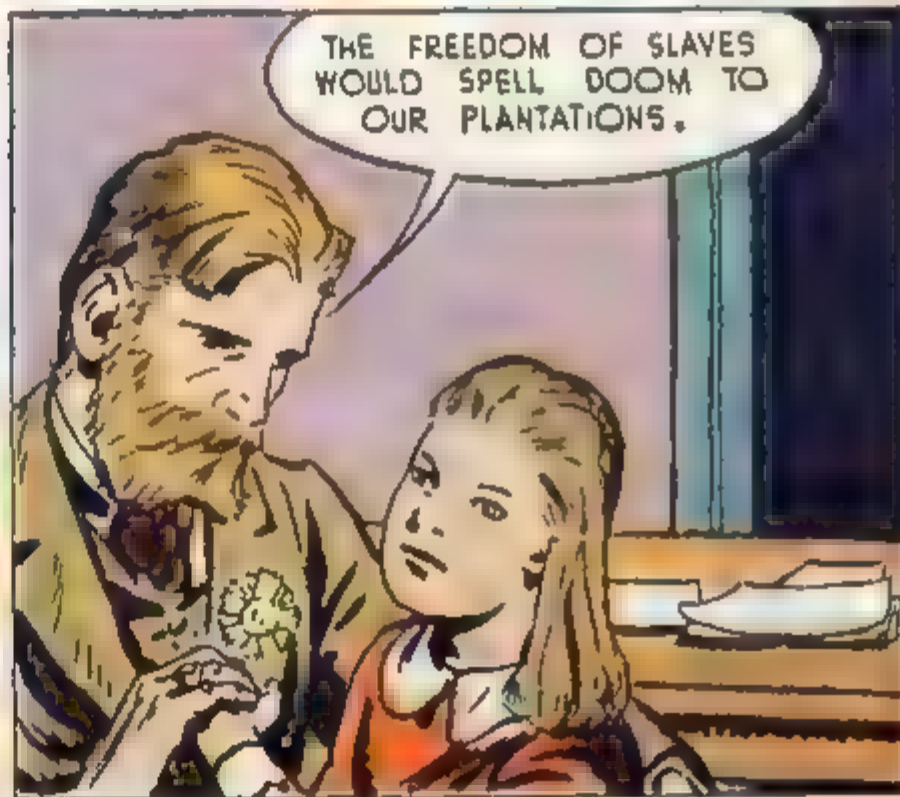
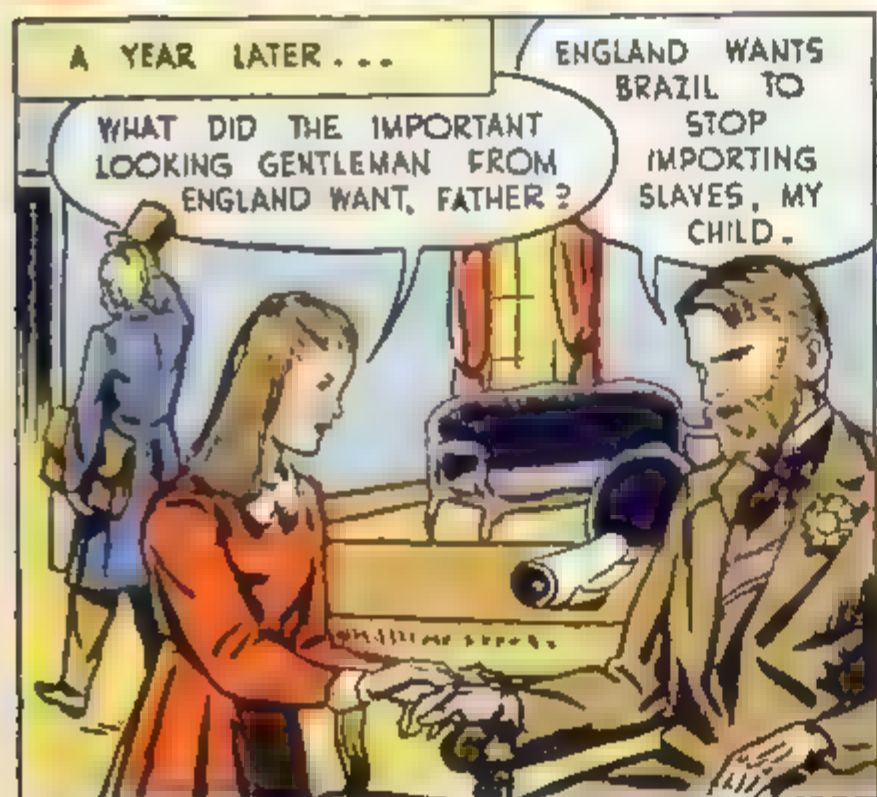
THEN LITTLE IZABEL
IS PRINCESS
IMPERIAL.



NOW THAT WE HAVE
NO SON, IZABEL WILL
ONE DAY BEAR THE
RESPONSIBILITY OF
THE CROWN.

MAY SHE
LOVE BRAZIL
AS WE DO.

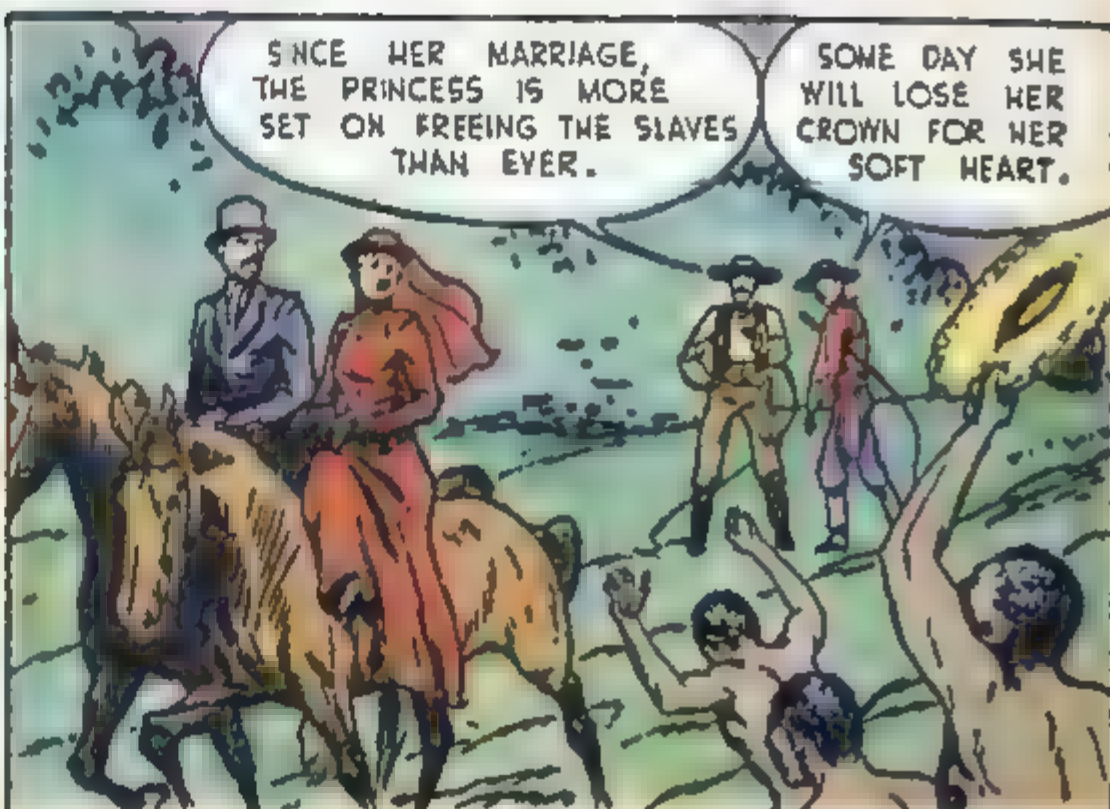






MY WEDDING GIFT IS THESE PAPERS, FREEING EVERY SLAVE COMING TO YOU IN YOUR DOWRY.

HOW HAPPY YOU MAKE ME, FATHER!



SINCE HER MARRIAGE, THE PRINCESS IS MORE SET ON FREEING THE SLAVES THAN EVER.

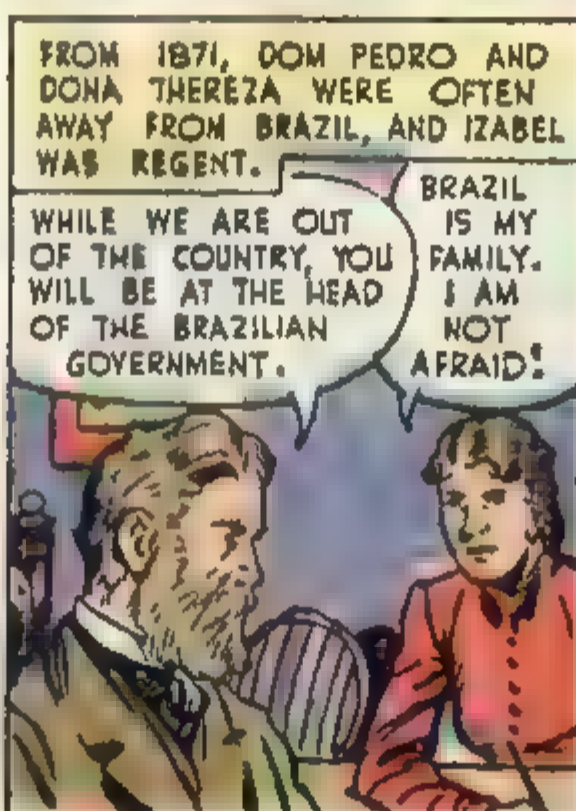
SOME DAY SHE WILL LOSE HER CROWN FOR HER SOFT HEART.



SOME YEARS LATER...

WHAT DID THE DOCTORS SAY ABOUT MOTHER?

THEY RECOMMEND TREATMENT IN EUROPE.



FROM 1871, DOM PEDRO AND DONA THEREZA WERE OFTEN AWAY FROM BRAZIL, AND IZABEL WAS REGENT.

WHILE WE ARE OUT OF THE COUNTRY, YOU WILL BE AT THE HEAD OF THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT.

BRAZIL IS MY FAMILY. I AM NOT AFRAID!



YOU ARE ALONE, IZABEL, AND THEY WILL NOT LET ME HELP.

THEY DISTRUST YOUR FRENCH BIRTH, GASTON.



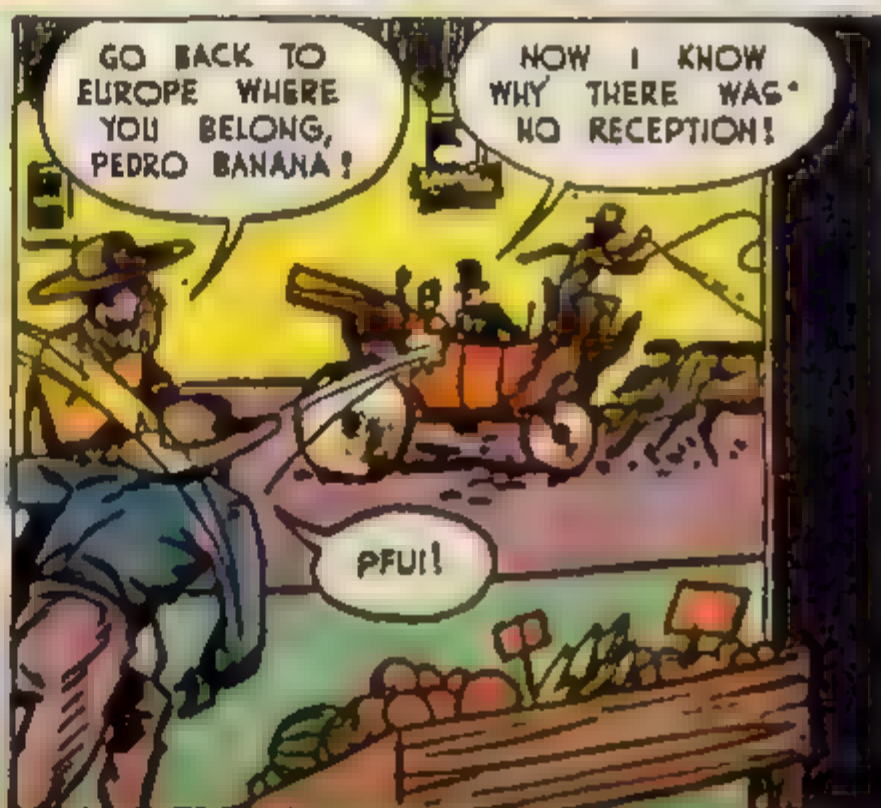
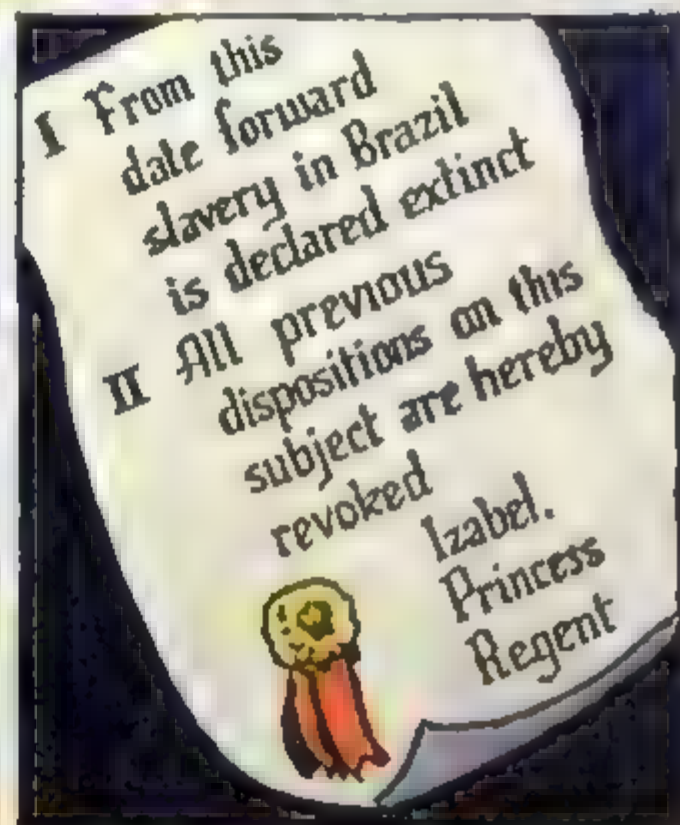
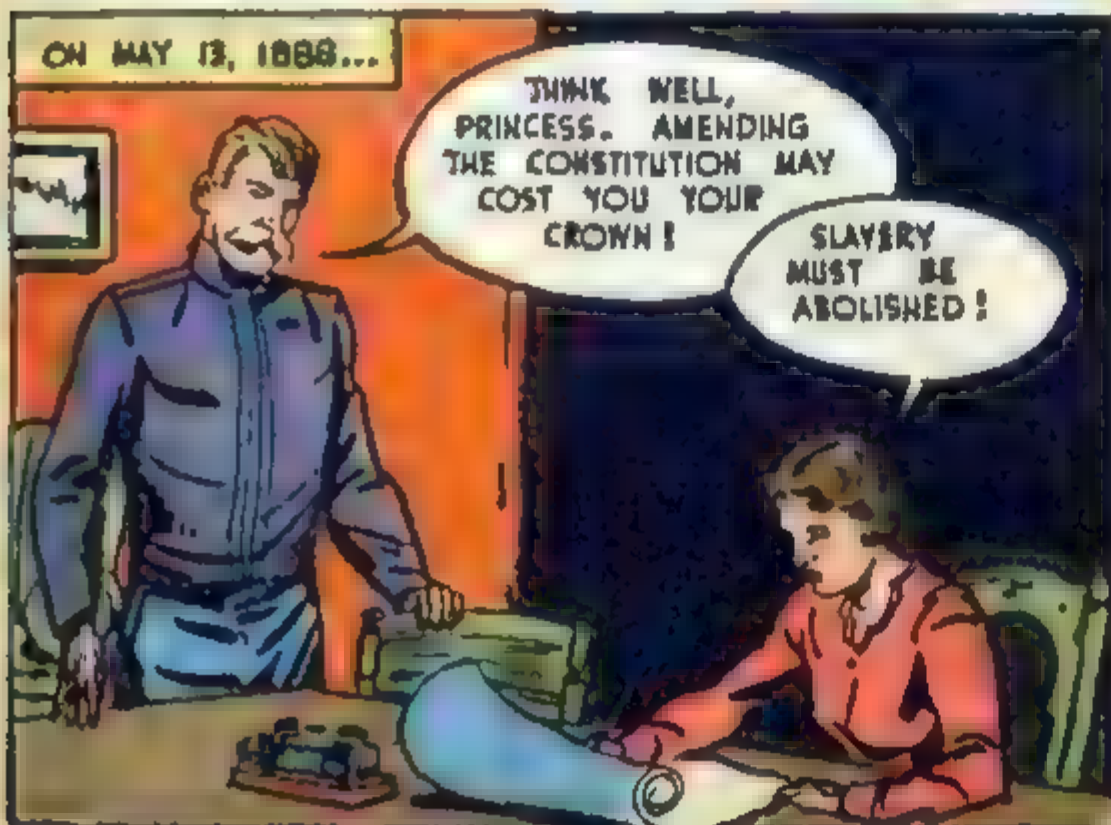
YOU HAVE DONE WONDERFUL WORK FOR EMANCIPATION, JOAQUIM NABUCO.

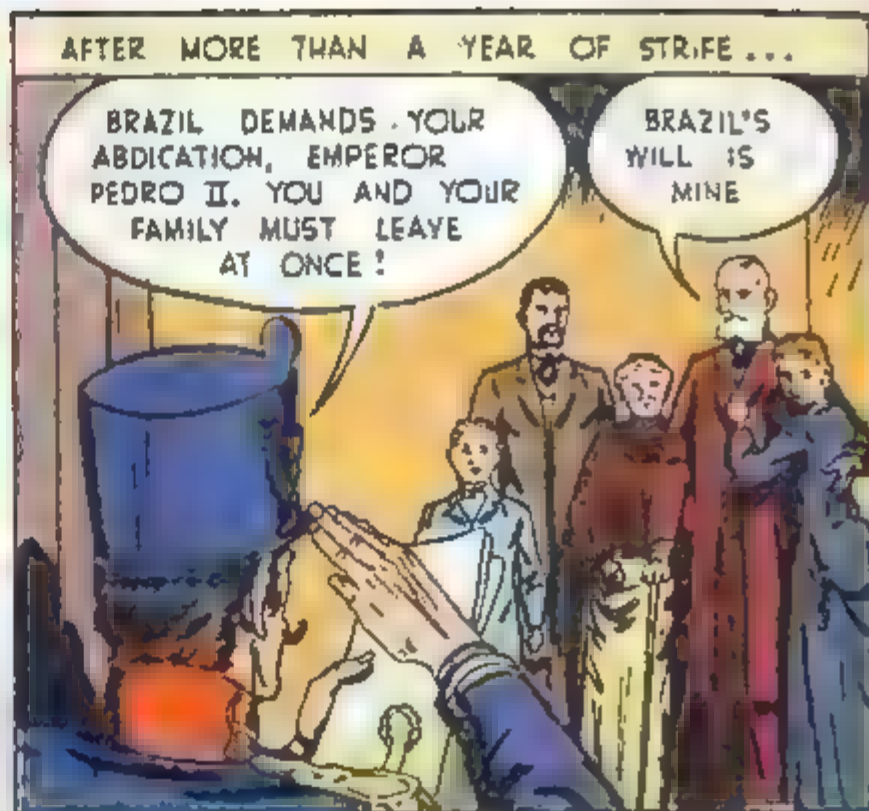
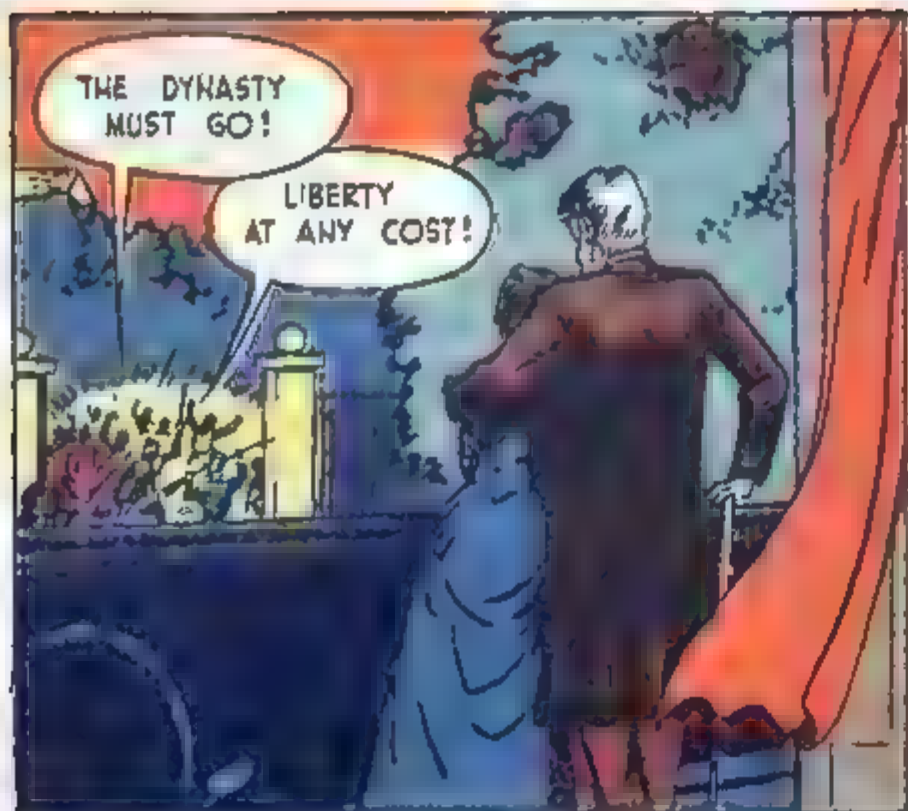
BUT MORE MUST BE DONE TO FREE THE SLAVES. THE PROBLEM CAN NO LONGER BE EVADED.



OUR PLANTERS MUST REPLACE THEIR SLAVES WITH FARMHANDS FROM ABROAD.

IN TIME THE PLANTERS WILL AGREE WITH US. THEY MUST!





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